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Zion's Herald.

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The Outlook.

The Indictment of Col. Ainsworth.

After long and careful investigation into the Ford Theatre disaster, the Washington grand jury have indicted for manslaughter Col. F. C. Ainsworth, George W. Dant, William E. Covert and Francis Sasse. The bill for appearance in court has in each case been fixed at \$10,000. In addition to this civil indictment, Col. Ainsworth, as an army officer, will be tried by court-martial. The penalty in case of conviction for manslaughter is imprisonment for not over ten years and a fine of \$1,000. The jury judged that the disaster could not have occurred without blame somewhere, and that the blame must be laid where there was responsibility. If the accused parties knew not the danger, they ought to have known, for they had the sole care and control of the building under which the excavations were being made which caused the collapse and the consequent loss of life.

The Indian Prince.

The World's Fair brings us strange varieties of people. We have had some titled specimens. Spain contributed a sprig of royalty, and now Boston has seen a bombastic Indian prince, in the person of Jajit Singh, Rajah Rajagan of Kapurthala, surnamed "King of Kings." The title is a little pretentious considering the size of the state over which he rules and the number of inhabitants claimed as his subjects. Kapurthala is one of the fourteen little states in the Punjab, containing 598 square miles and a population of 299,690. It has one-twelfth the acreage of Massachusetts and one-seventh of the population. In this little state the Rajah is permitted to play ruler by the annual payment to the British government of \$65,000. In return the government furnishes him with an intelligent Englishman to give "advice," and a band of soldiers to see that the advice is properly regarded by the Rajah and his people. With proper attention to these advisers, he is allowed to wield his big titles and enjoy the revenues of the position in company with his six wives. He undoubtedly considers it cheaper than it would be to undertake to rule alone.

Siam Yields to France.

As we closed last week clouds and darkness were about Siam. The French fleet hovered on the coast, ready to enforce the demands of the republic by a close blockade. The King of Siam stood trembling in his shoes, terrified at the demonstrations of France, and yet listening for some favorable word from England. England spoke, but in a whisper too low to be caught by Siam, refusing to recognize the blockade, and declaring that any interference with British commerce, in the Siamese waters, would be regarded as a declaration of war. Three hours after this despatch to Paris, the King of Siam telegraphed his acceptance of the French ultimatum, regardless of all reservations previously formulated. For France this intelligence came in the nick of time. Mr. Deville was there, with a good deal of comfort to himself, to accept the declaration of England and call off the blockade. France has won, as it were, by accident. Within a hair's breadth of war with England, she has been able to carry out her entire program in Siam and at the same time escape any foreign complications. England ought to have spoken earlier and louder, so that the whole world could have heard. France has the humiliation of being cowed at the growl of the British lion, while England is chagrined to see the territorial prize picked away under her very hand.

Riot in the Commons.

On Thursday night, as the debate on the final clauses of the Home Rule bill was drawing to a close, the House of Commons was the scene of a tumultuous and disgraceful squabble among the members. The disturbance began during the speech of Mr. Chamberlain, which was charged with more or less dynamite. He criticised Gladstone and the majority for cutting short the debate. He made strong charges; his words set men's teeth on edge. The Irish benches soon began to show signs of movement; there were splutterings of words and threats, and then came the Irish yell, when the fight began in the House. Gladstone was amazed at the sight of his run-away team; but neither he nor other leaders could restore quiet. The disorder and pounding went on as in a regular wake or political bedlam. The speaker in vain reminded the disturbers of the ancient dignity of the House. The fury had to spend itself before order could be restored. The scene was altogether unusual in the House of Commons. Bitter words and confusion have often been witnessed there, but never before such an Irish row. The American Congress has never quite

equaled it. It was a sample of Celtic impulse rather than of English deliberation. The high respectability of the Commons quite disappeared.

Exploration of Iceland.

Iceland, though early famous in song and adventure, is even yet in the interior little known. Herr Tharadron recently detailed before the Berlin Geographical Society the means by which he discovered a group of lakes west of the glaciers of Vatnajokull. The interior is uneven, and over wide spaces barren, making travel by horse-back difficult. There are no roads, and he was obliged to spend five hundred days in the saddle to obtain a knowledge of the inland region. He found five printing presses, ten newspapers and eight magazines in the island. Not less than 12,000 of the Icelanders have emigrated to Manitoba, where they have established twelve newspapers. The emigration of their countrymen has awakened a strong desire with the remaining inhabitants to follow. Iceland has a marvelous history. Before the middle of the ninth century Irish Cuidees had gone there, and soon after that date a strong tide of immigration set in from Norway, so that in twenty years 4,000 households had been planted on the outskirts of the island. There the Norse genius took on new vigor and displayed fresh brilliancy. It was the old school of the Vikings, whose expeditions and feats of arms affected the civilization of Europe. The Sagas and Eddas are even yet the marvel and delight of scholars. Carlyle and Emerson delighted to dip into these springs of genius. Iceland is 300 miles long by 200 wide, and contains an area of 39,200 square miles, or about five times the size of Massachusetts. The better lands of Canada and the United States are likely ere long to entice away all the population and leave the island again to the wild beast and sea-fowl.

A Prehistoric Temple.

The tract of country extending from Yuma to San Diego along the southern boundary of California, is an arid and trackless waste, too inhospitable to attract settlers or even to encourage exploration. Some who have attempted to penetrate its mysteries perished. A month or six weeks ago, four old prospectors, used to the desert, determined to renew the search for the Peg Leg mine. Starting to the southwest from Yuma, along a new route, to the northern spurs of the Cocopa Mountains, they arrived after several days in a region of granite and porphyry formation which gave promise of bearing gold. Finding a pool of water, they encamped and prepared for a thorough exploration. In the distance something was seen rising above the sand-drift, and on going to the spot the next day they found the ruins of an immense temple, with parts of the walls and many of the pillars still standing. The architecture was of a prehistoric type. Though deeply buried in sand, the walls and pillars rose eighteen feet above it. The wall was built of large cut granite blocks, accurately joined and laid one upon another without cement. The pillars were in the form of the rattlesnake and surmounted by huge rectangular blocks of granite. The carvings were of serpents' heads. In size the temple was 400 by 200 feet. The "find" is claimed to be of great historic value, and will require much excavation. This region was probably the seat of ancient mining operations. The remains of an ancient aqueduct were traced for twenty miles. San Diego parties have volunteered the means to make a thorough exploration of the temple and locality.

The Sherman Law.

As Congress re-assembles to deal with the financial situation, it may not be amiss to recall the facts about the Sherman Law, regarded by many as the Pandora's box out of which have sprung all our evils. That celebrated enactment is but one in a series of laws relating to the coinage of silver. Silver has been used in the coinage since the foundation of the government, but has occupied a subordinate position. Gold has from the first been the standard. In the early days of the Republic we had no trouble about silver, because our product was infinitesimal; but when the mountain States with their silver mines came in, the craze on free coinage began. It was an effort to replace the gold by a silver standard, and thus cheat every creditor out of one-third his claim. The trade dollar, with 420 grains, came in the law of Feb. 12, 1873. The smaller coins corresponded. The trade dollar, legal tender for \$5, was, by the act of July 22, 1877, deprived of its legal tender feature. The law of June 9, 1879, made silver coins of less than \$1 legal tender for \$10. By the law of Feb. 28, 1878, a dollar of 412 1-2 grains of silver was made legal tender. The movement toward silver was now rapid; the new silver States gave it an impulse. In 1890, a free coinage bill had passed the Senate, but failed in the House. This led to a committee of conference, which introduced as a compromise the Sherman bill. This bill, known as the Sherman Silver Purchase Act, became a law July 14, 1890. The law gave a half-dollar instead of a whole one, or, in military phrase, it was a flank movement against free coinage. The law has some good features. It defeated free coinage, declaring it to be the policy of the United States to maintain the parity of the two metals. It limited the issue of silver for gold payments. It repealed the act authorizing the coinage of silver dollars which the government could not sell, and could hardly give away. The law allowed a less expensive experiment than free coinage. The vicious part of the act is found in the clause requiring the monthly purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver. This was a sop to secure the vote of the silver States. The clause has worked badly, and is believed by many to be the source of our present financial trouble. The repeal is expected to work a cure.

THE SPANIARD AND THE PURITAN.

BISHOP J. P. NEWMAN.

SOME master mind would bless the church and the world by an honorable monograph on the Spaniards in North America for gold, and the Puritan in North America for liberty. Both crossed the seas for an object; both attained the coveted end; both live in history, one in shame, the other in glory. Of the glory I need not write, for the sons of the Pilgrims have created a nation whose States are empires, with boundless wealth, halls of justice, schools of learning, houses of mercy and temples of piety which beautify the face of society, and whose mighty arm in battle has made a continent free. Today they command the markets of the world, competency waits upon honest industry, and wealth fills the lap of plenty. Forth from their quiet homes have come the sweetest poets, grandest orators, foremost statesmen. The Puritans of New England sought "first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," and "all things have been added."

The Spaniards came to South America nearly a hundred years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed on the barren rocks of Plymouth. All physical advantages were with the adventurers from Spain. A charming climate, an inexhaustible soil, and mountains bloomed in a perennial spring, birds sang in endless summer, and luscious fruits grew spontaneously from January to January. They came to a people who dwelt in plenty, lived in peace, and reigned in justice; whose mountains were gold, whose terraced hills flowed with wine, whose herds of llamas and vicuñas were rich and vast like the flocks of Paduan-aram, and whose ruined cities bespeak their former grandeur. They came for gold, and were not disappointed. With the crucifix in one hand and the sword in the other, Pizarro forced the gates of the

El Dorado of the World.

Soldier and monk became robbers and miners. They plundered the magnificent temples of the Incas, and took therefrom more than ninety millions in gold and silver, which they divided between the King of Spain, the papal church and themselves. Allured by the "gold that perished," the priest forsook the altar and the soldier the camp for the rich mines of Cerro del Pasco, which, in two hundred years (from 1600 to 1800), have yielded 28,000 tons of pure silver, which, like the carbonates of Leadville, is not held in veins, but in mass. Inaccessible in their search for wealth, they took possession of the richer silver mines of the Bolivian Potosi, which in three centuries, according to official data, gave the Spaniards the vast sum of three thousand millions in our money. The heart of the Andes was the realization of the dream of the world. The story of Solomon was repeated in Peru and Bolivia and Chile: "And Solomon made silver and gold at Jerusalem as piteous as stones." In their intoxication of success they built cathedrals at the cost of ten millions, and episcopal palaces for the successors of the "fishermen of Galilee," and monasteries for the repose of well-fed friars, and convents wherein ladies of rank withdrew from the world to find rest to their souls; nor did they forget the Spanish king, who owed the restoration of his kingdom to financial prosperity to their largess, which was a fifth of all they stole from the Incas, and of all they mined from Potosi and Cerro del Pasco.

By force of arms rather than by the persuasion of the Cross they Christianized a free people and compelled them to abandon their ancestral altars of peace and justice and bow to the idol shrines of Mary and the canonized saints. Resistance was death; submission was slavery. The history of the Spanish papal church in South America is one of armed invasion, of unblinking plunder of homes and temples, of uncounted murders of those heroic natives who dared to fight to be free, and of national ignorance, the mother of devotion. And

How Significant the Lesson

of this history! Spain, the mother country, whose armadas once caused Britain to fear, is now a fourth-rate nation, and her colonies are paupers. The church that demanded of Pizarro a fifth of all he stole and a fifth of all the mines produced, is now dependent upon the State to tax a people whose poverty is a by-word and whose men are indolent. Unmolested by Protestantism, holding undisputed sway over the conscience of the millions of her devotees, recognized and protected by the constitutions of these several States, she has failed to protect private virtue and create public morality, to guard the sanctity of marriage and the legitimacy of childhood, and to give to society a system of education for the emancipation of the common mind and the intellectual elevation of a people worthy a happier condition. And, as a consequence, most of these republics of the southern hemisphere are bankrupt, their silver dollar is quoted at 60, and their paper dollar at 30, our money, while the wages of the toiler are not increased. These mountains are still full of gold and silver, of lead and copper; and these nitrate of soda beds, extending from the 33d to the 25th parallel of latitude, which within the last sixty years have yielded annually millions of dollars, are practically inexhaustible; yet the people are poor and the government incompetent to relieve the distress. How different the States founded by the Puritans! And that difference is due to the purity, intelligence and thrift of that Protestant Christianity which exalts the individual, inspires enterprise, rewards ambition, stimulates industry, frugality and sobriety, honors private virtue, spreads intelligence, incites to charity, respects authority, and creates a public morality which is the energy of government. Let in the light of Protestant

Christianity upon South America, and the Andes will respond to the Cordilleras that the day of her redemption has come.

Valparaiso.

BERLIN.

II.
PROF. WILLIAM NORTH RICE.

I HAVE already intimated that

Sunday is Not Habitually Observed

In the New England fashion by the intellectual workers in the German universities. Occasionally regular courses of lectures are held on Sunday, precisely as on other days. This, however, is exceptional. Sunday is for the most part a holiday as regards the ordinary public exercises. But various special exercises, as clinics in the Medical Department, and field-excursions for the study of geology and other branches of natural history, are regular things on Sunday.

A traveler from America can hardly walk through the streets of Berlin without being impressed with the thought that churches are remarkably few and far between. And if, his curiosity being excited, he turns to the statistics for more exact knowledge, he may learn that Berlin, with a population not very different from that of New York, has about one-eighth as many churches. He may further learn that, in a series of years in which the population of Berlin doubled, only two or three new churches were built; though he may also learn that, since the commencement of the reign of the present Emperor, some effort has been made to supply the deficiency, and a dozen new churches have been built or are in process of building. If the stranger visits the churches, he will find generally very small congregations, indicating that, scanty as is the church accommodation in Berlin, it is more than ample for the fraction of the population who are disposed to go to church. If, however, the stranger contemplates his investigations, he will find that there is always a crowd when certain preachers are announced to preach; and those preachers are noted for the evangelical simplicity and practical earnestness of their preaching. So far as the religious life of a community can be measured by church attendance, Berlin is probably less religious than most parts of Protestant Germany; and Protestant Germany, tried by this standard, is certainly far less religious than Catholic Germany. Dr. Jacoby, so long the honored head of our Methodist Mission in Germany, gave his opinion, in answer to a question from Bishop Doane, that there is in general more of genuine religion in Catholic than in Protestant Germany. I do not know the people well enough to have a right to judge of the correctness of Dr. Jacoby's opinion. Certainly I have nowhere seen congregations with more of an air of deep, thoughtful reverence than in some of the Catholic churches of Munich.

There is nothing on which it is harder for a stranger to reach an intelligent judgment than in regard to the religious life of a people. Knowing the language but imperfectly, and entering into no intimate relations at least with any considerable number of the people, the transient sojourner in a country can form no just notion as to a matter so deeply subjective as the degree in which the lives of men are directed and their characters molded by their faith in the Unseen and Eternal. Observance of sacred days and sacred places is only one sign of a religious life, and a sign whose indications, whether positive or negative, may be extremely misleading. No one would deny that Luther was an intensely religious man; yet, if he were alive today, he would doubtless regard with complacency much of the Sunday employment and amusement which seems so shocking to a New Englander. He would certainly have regarded with contempt and abhorrence the more than Pharisaic asceticism of a genuine old-fashioned Puritan Sabbath.

In trying to form for myself some estimate of the religious condition of Berlin and of Protestant Germany in general, I have depended far less on any random observations of my own than on the information which I have received from my friend, Dr. Stuckenborg, the pastor of the American Church. His long residence in Berlin, his intimate acquaintance with various circles of people, and his careful study of religious and social movements, give his views great value.

And here let me remark parenthetically that one of the great attractions of Berlin for a temporary residence, as compared with some other university towns in Germany, is to be found in the American Church, with its genuine Christian fellowship, and its scholarly, earnest, warm-hearted pastor. In its Sunday services, and in the week-night meetings of its Young Men's League, the Christian student from America can find a refreshing oasis of home.

That the

Established Church in Prussia

has very largely lost its power over the thought and life of the people, seems very certain. The paucity of church attendance indicates this. But other facts point still more unmistakably in the same direction. It is said that in one year, out of twenty-nine thousand burials in Berlin, only nine thousand (in round numbers) were attended with any religious services. If, in the awful presence of death, men do not turn to the Church for its ministry of consolation, we may be sure that the Church has in general no power over them. Moreover, it is said that in the same year there were five thousand funerals of unbaptized children. To the children themselves it makes probably no difference whether they have been baptized or not; but when we consider the high estimation of baptism in the Lutheran Church, the fact is profoundly significant of the degree in which

that Church has lost its hold upon the people.

It seems scarcely less certain that the Church in a very low state as regards religious life. It is cursed with that spirit of perfunctory officialism which has been so generally the bane of state churches. It is supported by taxation, and is regarded as a part of the police system of the government. The present organization of the Prussian Church is the result of a union of the old Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches, forced by the pressure of royal authority, and rendered possible, not by a broad Christian tolerance and charity, but by simple indifference. Young men enter the ministry as they enter any other department of the civil service. They make thereby no more profession of unselfish aims, religious consecration, or spiritual experience than in taking a clerkship in a post-office. The examination which they must pass is partly scholastic. In the early part of their university career the theological students are not noticeably less addicted to dueling, drunkenness, and other vices than the students in other departments. There is, however, an innate conscientiousness and sense of responsibility in the German mind which eventually makes itself felt. The theological student, as the time of assumption of official responsibilities draws near, generally sobers down, and abandons the sowing of wild oats, and often goes to reside for a time with some old pastor, to seek a preparation for his work which he has not gained in the university. But in too many cases the reformation is not radical, but only superficial. It is to be feared that an earnest personal Christian life is an exception, rather than the rule, among the clergy.

I have said that the Church is supported by taxation. This remark requires qualification. A part of the income of the clergy is derived from fees. For all personal services, as marriages, baptisms, and funerals, fees must be paid, as for services rendered to individuals by officers of other departments of the government. There is, I believe, a movement on foot to secure a reform in this particular. A prayer at a funeral is not likely to minister much comfort or inspiration if it has a legal price in marks and pennings. The fees charged for such ministrations are doubtless in part the reason that people so largely dispense with them. The tax-burdened German does not care to pay more than he is compelled to pay for a Church which he does not respect.

Another effect of the relation between the Church and the State, which seems most pernicious, is the alliance between theological orthodoxy and absolutism in politics. Every man who cherishes aspirations for larger liberty, for the breaking down of class distinctions, and for the elevation of the masses to political and social independence, whether it be with the moderate and rational views of the constitutional liberal, or with the fanatical and destructive notions of the socialist, looks upon the Church, the Army, and the Court as the great enemies of political and social progress.

Among the educated classes, the attitude of indifference or hostility to the Church is very general. Probably few professors in the universities, besides the professors of theology, ever attend church. Indeed, the majority of theological professors seldom go to church. Theology as a science is no more religious than mathematics or physics; and the criticism of the Hebrew literature is no more religious than that of the Greek or Latin literature. With many of the theological professors the interest in the subject is purely speculative. It is true, on the other hand, that many of the German professors of theology, while no less scientific in their intellectual processes, are profoundly religious. And it is noticeable that orthodoxy of belief and religious earnestness are not strictly proportional. Prof. Harnack, of Berlin, has been regarded as far from orthodox in some of his opinions; but no one can enter his lecture-room without being impressed by the profound moral earnestness of the man.

Germany certainly

Needs a Revival.

And, amid all that is dead and formal and perfunctory, there are evidences here and there of vigorous Christian life. There are pastors who preach and labor with devout simplicity and with apostolic earnestness. There are Christian laymen who are earnestly promoting plans of aggressive Christian work. There are men of the Christian Association who are alive with Christian zeal. There are manifold philanthropies. There are societies for the promotion of foreign missions and home evangelization. And there are doubtless multitudes of people, altogether out of sympathy with the State Church, who in their homes and places of business lead lives whose inspiration comes from faith in God.

It is noteworthy that the various forms of philanthropic, evangelistic, and missionary labor to which I have referred, are entirely voluntary. The State Church as an organization has nothing to do with them, and some of them have met with considerable hostility from many of the clergy.

A State Church seems to need the stimulus of voluntary dissenting bodies to keep it alive. Of all established churches, the one which has shown by far the most of religious life and power is the Church of England. Various causes have contributed to give the Church of England its exceptional vitality; but one of the most important has probably been the influence of the dissenting churches. Puritans and Methodists have saved the Anglican Church from the state of death in life into which so many established churches have fallen. Will it be the work of the Methodists and Baptists and other denominations which have been started as missionary churches in Germany, to rouse the native church to a new life and vigor? That is at least a reasonable hope; and in that hope lies the justification of the existence of those mission churches. They are numerically small, and not rapidly growing. It is not likely that any exoteric Church in Germany will ever become very large or powerful. Germany must be saved by a revival in its indigenous churches. But indications are not wanting that the little Methodist and Baptist Churches may be important factors in producing so desirable a result.

A PLEA FOR BROTHERHOOD Between Suburban Mansion and Slum Tenement House.

ON Sunday morning, July 30, Rev. Dr. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS preached in the First M. E. Church on, "Our Boston Neighborhood—How can We Bear One Another's Burdens during the Month of August, 1893?" The text was: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ" (Galatians 6:2); and "Give for alms those things which are within" (Luke 11:41, R. V.).

He said, in part: That one law of Christ which is so pre-eminent in the teachings of the great Nazarene as to be justly designated by Paul as "the law of Christ," is the brotherhood of souls and the responsibility of each member of the brotherhood for the safety and comfort of every other member. So truly does this law embody the spirit of Christ's teaching, that it may be safely said that one can gauge the progress of genuine Christianity in the earth by the prevalence of this spirit of brotherhood among men.

A man's creed may be as orthodox as the devil's, who recognized the Son of God with fear and trembling, and he may remain as selfish and corrupt. Not in creed, but in blood brotherhood must our Christianity be translated if it is to be intelligible to all men. This is what Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, means when he says, "Every Christian is a divine incarnation brought down to date."

To bear one another's burdens we must know about them and consider them. Although money is very necessary in the relief of poverty and suffering, the richest gifts are from the treasury within. Jesus constantly illustrated in His own life the command to "Give for alms those things which are within." He gave Himself to those who were in need. He brought Himself into closest contact and fellowship with the poor and sick and disgraced. He took the loathsome leper by the hand. He put his own fingers on the blind beggar's eyes. He took the dead girl by the hand and lifted her up to life and health, as He did the boy who was possessed by foul spirits. He took the little street children up in His arms. He went to visit and eat with outcast sinners. He healed and helped people by hand to hand fellowship with His great, wholesome nature. He let people come so close to Him—nay, He went so close to people—that His divine vitality affected them as a magnet does the steel.

Now there are Christians enough around about Boston and in all of our cities to work a marvelous revolution for good in the next few weeks, if we will simply take up the plan of the Master, and in the simplest way bear one another's burdens. Let all aristocracy, either of money or culture, or even of character (for that may be as hurtful and wicked as either of the others), be put aside, and let us turn warm hearts in brotherly kindness toward our neighbors, many of whom, having fallen among thieves, have been beaten and robbed, and left half-dead. Ex-Gov. Banks, of Waltham, tells how once in winter, on the Merrimack River, he, with a number of others, saw a man struggling among the broken cakes of ice. They pushed a long plank toward him and he seized it with tremendous energy, but twice he slipped from the plank into the cold current.

The third time it was evident to them all that it was the poor fellow's last chance, and so he evidently felt himself, for he slipped from the board he exclaimed, "For the love of God, men, give me the wooden end of the plank this time." They had been holding out to him the icy end. God grant that the ice may thaw out of all our hearts these hot summer days, so that we may extend to men and women the warm clasp of fellowship and brotherhood!

I am inclined to urge this phase of our duty at this moment because it is what is needed just now in Boston. Nearly every headquarters of missionary and Christian work among the poor in Boston is now crippled for the lack of personal workers. There are many ways in which they can be utilized—visiting the shut-in, and carrying flowers to the sick and the aged and up among the tired workers in the most densely populated tenement houses. I wish all the people who have gardens within fifty miles of Boston could see what joy and gladness a little bouquet of sweet flowers can bring to eyes that greet them only occasionally. One day this week I went with one of the young men from the Epworth Settlement to distribute a basket of bouquets of beautiful flowers sent in by some young people at Newton Centre. I shall never forget the enthusiasm with which those flowers were greeted. There on a little street, not over ten feet wide and all crowded together in a doorway so as to escape the intolerable heat of the sun, and yet get whatever draft might come through a corridor not more than three feet wide, were huddled two families—that is, the fathers and seven children. The flowers awakened every sense of delight in the children, and left them happy and chattering like birds, while the mothers smiled and thanked us with softened eyes.

Away up in a garret off a dirty court where there were three old women, very old and feeble, and one of them sadly crippled, we went. It was a poverty-stricken place, but that old soul in the former body was as human as your own grandmother's. The tears stood on her face as she thanked us, and said: "Oh, come again soon!" One man opened the door with his saw in his hand, up in a bad-smelling tenement. He was rough-looking enough. I asked him where his wife was, and he said, in an angry, gruff tone, that he had none. "Ah," said I, "a man who has no wife surely needs flowers to console him," and so I handed him a bouquet. He looked astonished, but in a moment his face lost its harshness in a smile of kindest neighborliness, and he thanked me with the air and grace of a gentleman.

This is only a little glimpse into the gladness within in our reach. If we really want to start with our neighbors, let us all the mission workers, and those who are willing to come and go out with parties of children for a day's outing in the country. How many young people could help in this way, and not help by giving money! They can give the same "that is in them." In connection with this kind of work there are many in any one of the delightful suburbs of Boston who have large grounds with trees where a group of mothers with their babies, or a jolly crowd of boys or little girls, could have a pleasant day. If these people will put themselves in communication with the Epworth Settlement, Andrew House, North End Mission, Boston Baptist Bazaar, City Missionary Society, or any others just as worthy, they can find out how, at a small expense, they can give a feast of delight to some of their brothers and sisters whose burdens are heavier than their weak shoulders can carry. Scores of lives can be saved by ready brotherhood. We must not wait, but take the present opportunity to show our brotherly spirit with our hands. Let us all, with our hearts, and with our pockets full of money to make bouquets, let us all believe in the reality of our Christianity. A hard working man said to Dr. Flower, of the Avenue, the other day: "I once heard of a man who was in a cage by a tyrant, and every day he found the walls had come closer and closer to him. At last the walls came so close together that every day they squeezed a part of his life; and somehow," said the poor fellow, "it seems to me that we are just like that man; and when I see the little boxes carried out every day, I sometimes say to my wife, 'There is a little more life squeezed out; some day we will go too.'"

I was in an office, a few days since, where a great many men are employed, and the superintendent made a remark that has haunted me day and night. Said he: "I notice, more than anything else, that the working people are less enthusiastic about their work and take less interest in it, every year." I cannot believe that that is true in all circles, but this was an exceedingly bright business man, and that was his deliberate judgment about the people he met.

We must check that tide of hopelessness and despair. Nothing will do it except love. Faith and hope will come back to sad and discouraged hearts when once we have bathed them in our love.

Miscellaneous.

MEMORIES OF BISHOP SIMPSON.

REV. CHARLES W. CUSHING, D. D.

RETURNING to New England, my eye fell upon the HERALD'S Memorial Number of this revered man for the first time yesterday, and I read eagerly every word which had been written. While reading many things were recalled, some of which I write. In referring to the wonderful address delivered in Music Hall during the war, Dr. Crook says, in his life of Bishop Simpson, that it is not known that a word of it was ever written. Now it was my good fortune to be at Detroit, Mich., on the Sunday preceding that address in Boston, when Bishop Simpson preached at the dedication of the Central M. E. Church. On the next afternoon he left for Boston and I accompanied him, sharing with him a section in the sleeper. On the way, the staple topic was the condition of our country and its prospects. He talked freely, often asking questions, and in many instances answering them himself. Every now and then he would take from his pocket an old letter and on the back of the envelope would write a few lines. In this way he wrote over, I should think, three or four envelopes. And this was his lecture—that is, all that was written of it. We reached Boston in mid-afternoon, and the lecture was delivered that evening—with what effect has been well described by one of your writers.

I was surprised to read from one that the Bishop was "not at home on the platform." I have the impression this was the first time this lecture was delivered in a large city. And he certainly was master of the platform that night, and commanded the minds and hearts of his audience in a way never to be forgotten. There was no exception—it was what might be called an exquisite—a teacher who seemed to think himself the standard. She said to me, "I was greatly disappointed. I went expecting to hear elegant rhetoric and oratory, but heard ranting instead." Poor soul! How small she looked!

I remember, too, the impression of that rapturous sermon on "The Victory of Faith," in St. James' Hall, Buffalo, in 1860. Dr. Wm. B. Sprague, of Albany, author of the several large volumes of Pulpit Annals, and at that time the foremost minister in the Presbyterian Church in America, was in the city, and very anxious to hear the Bishop preach. I had known the Doctor very well in Albany, and knowing he was a very timid man, I volunteered to secure him a seat on the platform. He was in full view of the Bishop, and it was very interesting to see him, when not too much overwhelmed to look at anything earthly. At times he seemed alarmed, as though in dread of what was to come. Again, he could scarcely retain himself on his seat. In the peroration I lost sight of him almost entirely. When fairly out of the house I asked his judgment of the sermon. He said with much emphasis: "Mr. Cushing, I have taken great pains to hear great preachers, and have heard most of the greatest of this and the last generation. In this country I have heard Sumnerfield and Flak, Olin and Bascom, Nott and Beecher, with many others. In Europe I have heard Dr. Chalmers, Robert Hall, Spurgeon, and the great preachers of the English and Wesleyan Churches; but I say to you frankly, I have never heard that sermon equaled."

I remember too the effect of the same sermon, when preached at the Conference at St. Albans. I remember it all the more vividly because I had been put up to attempt to preach in the afternoon. Strange as it may seem, I did not fear attempting to preach before the Bishop—no man who knew him well would fear to preach before him, for he was the most considerate of all hearers—I feared the audience whose emotions had been exhausted and to whom any ordinary preaching would be tame. But for two succeeding Sundays, at Conferences in New England where the Bishop presided, it was my misfortune to occupy a similar position. At the close of the third Sunday afternoon service—and I have referred to this to show a peculiar trait of this great man—he said to me rather playfully: "Brother Cushing, I want you to go home with me to tea, for I think we may as well arrange to take a contract to run these New England Conferences next year!" Oh, the precious memories of this saintly man!

But I want to allude to another occasion, not referred to by any of your correspondents. It was immediately after the Bishop's severe sickness resulting from his visit to the East. He was holding the Vermont Conference at Barton, Vt. He had not preached for many months, and was still feeble. But his physician had told him that he might preach a short, quiet sermon. His text was: "None of these things move me." My recollection is that he preached an hour and thirty-eight minutes. And if none of those things moved the Apostle Paul, they moved the apostolic Bishop, and the narration of them moved the audience mightily. There was in the audience a man whose name I withhold, who, it was said, had not heard a sermon in twenty years. He was a member of Congress, and had the reputation of being very profane. The fame of Bishop Simpson had led him to drive twenty miles that morning to hear the sermon. He was a little late and could get only a standing place in the front of the gallery. It was not long before an impassioned burst of eloquence struck him broadside, when he careened, burst into tears and surrendered. From that time on he was at the mercy

of the speaker and seemed oblivious to everything around him. His handkerchief had soon ceased to serve its purpose and his only resort was to his hands and the skirts of his coat. But anything that will give relief is in order at such a time. The air was filled with sobs and subdued shouts. It is rare to see such a scene repeated in a life-time. In the stir at the close of the sermon, before the ordination, thinking the service was at an end, this Congressman turned to go out, when a friend said, "Well, Mr. B., what do you think of that?" He blurted out in a half-sobbing voice, loud enough to be heard through the house: "Think of that? By thunder, you never had any such preaching in this State before!"

Oh, how the memories swarm about me as I write! But I stop here.

OFF THE HARBOR'S MOUTH.

The winds are fierce upon the sea,
The birds drift wildly o'er the sky;
The birds that have been following me
Start landward with a frightened cry,
And as they hasten to their home
Their wings are dipped in briny foam.

My boat is small;
To Thee I call,
Thou pitying God!

The heavens above are dark as night,
And black the waters are below;
I cannot see the harbor light,
And have no guide which way to row;
The waters close my craft around
With threatening look and angry sound.

My boat is small;
To Thee I call,
Thou pitying God!

What rocks and shoals may lie below,
To work destruction to my boat,
I know not, neither can I know
The forms of death that round me float;
As if some living shape they took,
The billows have a hungry look.

My boat is small;
To Thee I call,
Thou pitying God!

All human help is far away,
And vain 'twould prove to succor me;
Thy eye is now my only stay,
Thy thought my comfort now must be
That in the hollow of Thy hand
Lies all the sea and all the land.

My boat is small;
To Thee I call,
Thou pitying God!

—REV. ISAAC BASSETT CHUTE, in *Congregationalist*.

THE GOTHENBURG PLAN.

REV. ALFRED NOON, PH. D.
Secretary Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society.

FOR a number of months there has been a widespread discussion of this topic, and a somewhat persistent attempt to urge its acceptance, with modifications, upon various communities on both sides of the sea.

Briefly stated, the proposition is made to sell intoxicating liquors by select companies, under the direction of a municipality, or a larger political body. The plan varies in the different suggestions. Some favor the original Swedish system, in vogue for about thirty years in the cities of Sweden, and taking its name from the place first using it, Gothenburg, a sea-port with about 60,000 inhabitants.

In Gothenburg the permit to sell distilled liquors is granted to a company formed for the purpose, known locally as the *bolag*, who purchase and sell as a monopoly all the "hard" liquors in the town. These liquors are subject to official inspection, and their profits are turned over by the *bolag* to the municipal treasury.

A modification of the plan, adopted in Norway, and in use in some of the cities, restricts the appropriation of the profits accruing to certain public uses, such as parks, hospitals and general charities. This modification is mentioned especially in connection with Bergen, a city of about 30,000 population. In the capital, Christiania, with 130,000 population, there were, in 1890, seventeen *bolag* whiskey-saloons, with 11 branches, beside 240 beer and wine shops not under the *bolag*.

A Bill of History.

The present agitation in Sweden and Norway grows out of some conditions not generally understood. From the 16th century the country was generally prohibitory, by mandate from the crown, until 1774, when Gustavus III. established crown stills to get revenue. This continued for sixty years until, at the time the Washingtonian movement started here, there was one distillery for every twelve inhabitants, and a consumption of liquor of fifteen gallons a year per capita. In 1855 restriction began and has continued to this day, until the amount of liquor consumed in Sweden is now about two and one-half gallons a year for each person. The nation was fearfully drunk, and has been trying to get over its debauch.

During the later years various local forces have been at work aiding in the reform of the Scandinavians:—

1. Archdeacon Wieselgren, Magnus Huss, King Charles XIV., in Sweden, Asbjörn Kloster, Dr. Oscar Nilsen and Sven Aarstad, in Norway, with other noble men and not a few earnest women have pushed the reform most vigorously.

2. During the period of temperance revival in Sweden and Norway a remarkable religious movement has been stirring the united kingdom. The Baptists and the Methodists of this country established missions between 1850 and 1860, and their work has developed into a constituency of about a quarter of a million. A local dissenting church movement also has large following, and the influence upon the State Church has been marked. These mission movements have been conducted by earnest total abstinence people who have been active in the temperance reform movement.

3. The Good Templars have for about twenty years in Sweden, and fifteen years in Norway, been very active and earnest, and have raised up adherents by the tens of thousands in the kingdom. The members of the Order in Scandinavia are as true and uncon-

promising as in America, and must have very decidedly affected public sentiment. There has also been a strong "blue ribbon" movement in the kingdom for many years, making a serious and salutary impression. So the wonder need not be that there has been a slight local decrease in the last few years in the sale of stimulants, but rather that the Scandinavians have not all been captured by the temperance forces.

Objections to the System.

1. The liquor traffic is sanctioned by the respectable part of the community.

2. The revenues are an incentive to indulgence in drink.

3. The consumption of alcohol is not shown to have decreased.

4. A country with a consumption of liquor twice as large as ours is hardly a proper source of instruction in the temperance line.

5. The improvement in the sentiment of Sweden and Norway is in spite of and not because of the *bolag*, or Gothenburg system.

6. With hardly an exception the most careful advocates of temperance and the profoundest students of the reform, condemn the *bolag* system.

Boston, Mass.

FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR.

REV. C. A. LITTENFIELD.

NO one who can attend the World's Fair should fail to do so. I think the question of conscience, which may have kept some away, would quickly disappear when they saw the Fair as they would see it by visiting it. Such a rare and splendid collection of the products of the whole world ought to challenge the interest of the whole church. The church ought to cluster about it. The Catholics evidently are the Protestants may also. And now that Sunday closing has come to be a necessity, there is, it would seem, no impassable barrier to the attendance of all.

Sunday closing is likely to come about in a way to do most honor to the day itself. It was perfectly plain to people in Chicago before the vote of the Directory of July 14, that Sunday closing would be a necessity. Two things contribute chiefly to the result: The first is the lack of the supposed patronage of the working classes; the second is testimony from the States and foreign nations, as well as from numberless exhibitors, who close their buildings or cover their exhibits on Sunday. Perhaps in no other way could there have appeared such a regard for the American Sunday from States and nations as well as from commerce, industry and trade as by this very controversy over Sunday closing. Certainly it has tended to reassure those who sometimes doubted if our American Sunday was not to be utterly ignored and soon become a thing of the past.

My visit here has caused me to have an ever-increasing appreciation of the Chicago Directory. They have had problems of the greatest and gravest nature to solve. These problems have been surprisingly varied. To solve them with such uniform success, to produce such a splendid Exposition, and to do all this in so short a time, seems almost incredible. There can be but little if any doubt that this stands out as the most colossal achievement of any like body of men in any age of the world. When I contemplate this I am ready to charge many things up to human frailties rather than to intentional sin. Only a body of high-minded, earnest men could have produced what may be seen at Jackson Park.

The exhibits of our church are creditable. One can easily wish that all of our great church societies might in some way have been grouped together in one grand exhibit. Had this been done, we should have easily outranked any and all like exhibits. What a magnificent presentation it might have been of the greatness of our church and the wisdom of her enterprises. The Epworth League has an exceedingly attractive exhibit. Never in sympathy with the vote of the Cabinet to withdraw it, I was certainly less so when I saw it. I would that it might have stayed, and one day in the week borne testimony on behalf of our League to a Christian Sunday. But another thing troubles me more about our League exhibit. I visited it on the fifteenth day after the Cabinet voted to withdraw it, and I found that it had not only not been withdrawn, but that it had been added to since the vote of the Cabinet at Cleveland. And I am told also that, since the exhibit is not "labeled," it could be removed at any time without legal steps. I hope that there is a satisfactory explanation for this delay, and that it is not an evidence that the zeal that ordered its withdrawal has so suddenly become inoperative.

The general conduct of the people at the World's Fair grounds is worthy of special mention. I have seldom seen its equal even in smaller assemblages of people. During my ten days in Chicago, covering the 4th of July, when 324,000 people were on the Fair grounds, I did not see a single drunken or disorderly person. This applies to several visits to the city as well as daily attendance upon the Fair. Some surprises await those who visit merely. The fact is, the vast majority of the visitors to the Fair go for that purpose solely. They are intelligent, liberty-loving American people, and if the truth could be known, are, I believe, generally Christian people. The attendants, the exhibitors, and especially the Columbian guards, are uniformly courteous and efficient. The ever-watchful firemen, ready to do, to

dare, to die, proved their efficiency in the awful holocaust of July 10, when twenty brave fellows lost their lives. The scenes of those last moments before that tower, which held the firemen imprisoned by hungry tongues of flame, fell, were witnessed by thousands of horror-struck, helpless human beings. In their mocking helplessness women cried and fainted, men groaned and prayed, while some cursed in their utter despair of rendering help. The first sense of relief came to the helpless throng when it was known that, before night, boxes had been placed at every gate to receive gifts for the suffering families. It was a real relief to do something. Those draped boxes are approached like the approach to a sacred shrine. Hardly a visitor passes them without bearing a heavy heart and lifting a helping hand.

When visiting the Fair one may as well leave his adjectives at home. Those that may have overdone or underdone the requirements of the county fair have no place here. To say that it is "prodigious" or "grand" or "magnificent" or "exquisite" or, as the ladies say, "just too nice for anything," is but to recognize the necessity of saying something when nothing adequate can be said. The best expression I heard was that of an astonished farmer, who struck an attitude with his arms akimbo and said, "W-a-a-l, this does beat all!" If not descriptive, it was, nevertheless, a succinct statement of fact.

There are some things that every visitor will want to do and many things that he will want to see over and over again. I would advise him to take a general survey of the grounds and buildings at the very outset. Let him live among the buildings until he feels their presence about him and has received their messages to his soul. Then if he has a favorite department let him visit that first, for he will want to visit it many times thereafter. I would advise all to make an early study of the Art exhibit. He will make friends there that he will visit and revisit with ever-increasing delight during his entire stay. See all of the distinctive things early in your visit—such as the "Golden Gate," the great paintings, Thomas' orchestra, Tiffany's chapel, and scores of others with which you will soon become familiar. Take an early trip to the grounds from the city by boat. Choose a delightful evening between six and seven o'clock. In your selection of boats take the "Whaleback." Find a seat on the upper deck. This trip will be greatly enhanced in pleasure if you can be favored by the company of some Chicago friend who is familiar with the Lake coast and knows every point of advantage to a sight-seer on the Fair grounds. The view of the Exposition buildings is surpassingly beautiful as you approach them from the Lake. If the bands are playing, as they most likely will be, then linger about the pier until you catch the weird effect as you hear the strains over the water. By this time the illumination of the Court of Honor has begun, the electric fountains are playing, and the search-light is flashing its clear rays upon statue after statue on and about the buildings, until, at last, it falls full upon the Goddess of Liberty and a cheer goes up from the crowd. A golden chain, miles in length, of brilliant incandescent jets girdles the building fronts on every side, culminating in the wavering torches and lofty effulgence of the Administration Building's imposing dome. The lagoon at your feet is girdled by another chain of golden light just at the water's edge, while on the water's surface noiselessly float a dozen electric launches and another dozen gondolas propelled by the silent ear of the gondolier as he gracefully sways his body to his task. These boats are full of joyous people from whom come snatches of a song, the strains of a guitar, or the ripple of merry laughter. It is a weird and enchanting scene, one that will never be effaced from memory. And if you are as fortunate in the person of your escort as was I, you will be led, with an enthusiasm ever fresh and delightful, from point to point where the best view can be obtained, and the many bright surprises will unexpectedly burst upon you. Let such an evening as this be one of your earliest at the Fair.

Where to stay is a very important consideration. If I should emphasize one thing above another it would be to locate near, very near, to the Fair grounds. You will do your best work—for work it is—if you can step into the grounds with your full, fresh strength in the morning, and if you can as readily step into your hotel when your feet are tired at night. The most popular hotel at the grounds, all Methodists will be glad to know, is Hotel Epworth. The promoters of this splendid enterprise are all earnest and active young Epworth Leaguers. They have estimated the demand for an exposition hotel very accurately. Their location is the very best, and while near the grounds it is quiet. Their guests are of a character to secure them from annoyances of any sort. Their rooms are neat, their service excellent alike in its personnel and in its quality, and their tables are conducted with special reference to cleanliness and economy. The hotel, Tabernacle, seating twelve hundred, is an adjunct of the house, and every night services are being conducted by D. L. Moody or John McNeill. And this at the expense of the hotel proprietors. So successful is their hotel project that they have increased their capacity from fifteen hundred to twenty-five hundred guests at the uniform rate. I am told, of one dollar per day. I am glad to record these facts, which pay a deserved tribute to these enterprising young Methodists.

The Columbian Exposition is a pronounced success, and I close, as I began, by saying that no one who can visit it should fail to do so.

Chicago, Ill.

ROBERT BROWNING:
A Study for Preachers.

REV. S. HAMILTON BAY, D. D.

WE have reached a time for specialism. In fact, we have been there a long while. The last genius for universality died in 1519. All men whose profession and calling are disinterestedly intellectual must early elect their speciality, and adhere to it. The advantages of such election when suitably chosen can scarcely be overestimated. But after this much is said as to the value of particularity of intellectual pursuit to intellectual workers, the way is prepared to maintain that many other things beside the distinctive line of study must needs be cultivated to preserve mental symmetry. That law of analogy which Paul lays down as to faith and prophecy (Rom. 12:6) must be observed in the sphere of mind activity, that no function of the spirit in us finally fall from desuetude.

How to preserve this mental balance is of importance to men whose sanctified ambition is to bring all their tithes to the temple. Perhaps it is the narrowing of interest and the self-circumscription with which the mind is treated that early brings many to the line of death, and the limited number of those alliances makes them glibless as to the great congregation. The preacher should give his mind the benefit of vocation and avocations. His mental vocation has to do with such things as are specifically theological. His mental avocations are such things as are subsidiary to the main stream and thereby increase the volume of its power.

Among these subsidiary branches *belles-lettres* should hold a more prominent place than it is commonly suffered to hold in the study work of the preacher. Those interests and studies which are purely professional should not prevent attention certainly to sociology or to the ascertainment results of physical science, neither should they part of this last which I wish now to emphasize is poetry. Not indeed all that goes under that name, but some—such as can bear frequent reading and will surely repay careful study. Such great thinkers as him for the honor of whose birthplace seven cities once contended, down to him so recently entombed in Westminster Abbey. Which things indicate the honor in which the race holds those who have rightly visioned man and the invisible. I would therefore have the preacher study the Dantes and the Shakespeares, not for the purpose of quotation, but for the assimilation of their thought and for the inspiration of their visions. He cannot know them by means of dictionaries of quotation, nor by perusing them for excerpts.

Let this suffice for the introduction of the name and claims of an author who of all thinkers deserves a warm place in the hearts and a large place in the thoughts of those whose work is to

Announce a Message and Unfold a Personality.

That name is the one at the head of this article, Robert Browning, and I wish to urge the claim he has upon the studious attention of preachers. I am fully aware of the common, I had best say commonplace, objections urged against the works of Browning; that he deals with recalcitrant images so often; that he keeps marshaling people before us slightly known or unknown, in art and in history; that he is unconsciously voluminous; that he is hard to understand; that his style is frequently harsh and usually obscure. I decline to account myself as retained in his defense. Any one who feels he can never disannul the debt of gratitude he owes to Browning—and all students of his work feel this way—such consider it a most ungracious task to defend the sun for its spots, or to justify Mt. Washington for sometimes having clouds on its summit. A writer whose range of thought is marvelously wide and far may be allowed to introduce characters whose names are not met in the cyclopedias, and especially as they are so often discovered to be those whose work for the world was basal and foundation, and who made possible the fanes at which we all delight to worship. And as to objections to his style, I think they commonly disappear with familiarity and sympathetic acquaintance.

"Obscurity of style" may be subjective as to the reader quite as much as subjective as to the writer. We have, anyway, all heard of Shakespeare societies existing for the elucidation of the great dramatist. Is Isaiah always luminous? Who can interpret off-hand the visions of Zechariah? Was Peter right in saying there are some things written by Paul "hard to be understood?" Have we decided to reject the Apocalypse because we are quite uncertain of its meaning? And then what of Dante? Before we decide to turn for ever aside from this teacher of the thoughtful who is influencing every school of thought throughout the world, we had best do it on other grounds than because he introduces us to so many personalities we never before met, and because in his efforts to give us more thoughts than words he leaves out connectives and explanatory phrases which studious readers can usually supply.

Browning has evoked the admiration of such men as Westcott and Farrar, and many other eminent clergymen. This indicates how deserving he is of our study; especially by those of us who are anxious to cultivate all knowledge which will assist in opening

to our understanding the incomparable Volume. For here is a writer who has, as Farrar in a dedication to him of one of his books remarks, written many "poems of the deepest interest to all students of the Scripture." Whittier has made a thousand references to the Scripture and Tennyson at least 450, but neither of them has written any great poem distinctively Biblical, which cannot be said of the author of "Saul" and "The Death in the Desert."

But I urge the study of Robert Browning upon preachers not merely because of certain poems which his seven volumes contain, but because also of the spirit which permeates this

Wonderous Literary Outcome.

Pessimism is never found in Browning. The sacred triad of faith, hope and love everywhere re-create and inspire us. As I write these words I glance up for a moment at a fine Rembrandt-like portrait of the poet of the Isle of Wight, impressively gazing off from among other portraits of the living and the dead on my study walls. I would hesitate to say a word which would even seem to minify his work, yet all familiar with "In Memoriam" have noticed its recurring sadness and misgivings. Browning's "La Salsalaz" had a similar origin with "In Memoriam." On comparing these two the last is athrenody, the first is a psalm. Browning is an apostle of hope. Believing that God is in His heaven, this keeps his vision clear. Nor is this pessimism "easy-going," as somebody thinks. There is something too virile in the genius of this man to permit such a conception. As to the third of this holy triad—love—Browning is essentially Johannine. To him, a loveless God is unthinkable. This ruling Love-Power, which he everywhere sees, is the strength of innocence and the immovable buttress of righteousness. Whatever God accounts blessed, his refrain is, cannot be accused.

But Browning is not only sure of God, he believes in soul. I hardly dare give my pen liberty to show this. In the dedication to the most intricate of all he has left us, "Sordella," he says: "My stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul; little else is worth study." To him, the earth itself, to borrow a phrase from one of his French critics, is only the soul's arena—*theatre d'ame*. And he makes us profoundly feel in "Cleon" that something remains after "life's mechanics" have ceased. Man being in his thought incomplete without God, and this life incomplete without immortality, this is why that ancient terror, the dread of growing old, is no terror to him. Hence, in "Rabbi Ben Ezra,"—

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be."

But I must not begin to quote. I have purposely refrained from this and have specified but few of the many emanations of Browning's inspiration, preferring to call attention concisely to the claims which this Christian poet has upon the study of those whose mighty mission is to unfold the ineffable mysteries of life and Infinite Love. If any one should be led by this hastily written and necessarily somewhat fragmentary article to carefully study, not in books of selections, but the now complete work of this Christian seer, I am sure they will discover an increase in their mental and spiritual resources.

Morgantown, W. Va.

The continual breaking of lamp-chimneys costs a good deal in the course of a year.

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A. S. WEED, Publisher
36 Bromfield St., Boston.

trans

is no proper apprehension of His nature, and that the love and goodness are the same. Let this be fully realized, and there can be no sort of difficulty about it.

It will be impossible then not to trust. It will be as simple and natural and as breathing. Hence, whenever a person is making a great effort to try to trust God, he may be sure that he is on the wrong track altogether. There is probably something out of order with his life. Let him give up his sin and self, that he may know the Father and His love. The rest will follow.

As a rule, we advise ministers to decline to preach during their vacations. The church that seriously provides that its minister shall receive a vacation, has the right to expect that the whole time will be used by him in securing the largest measure of recuperation, which means that there must be relief from all nervous strain, entire relaxation, and perfect rest. It will cost something in the way of heroic purpose, and possibly the minister will be misapprehended who firmly resists the appeals to preach; but justice to his charge and to himself demands it.

gradually, in reply to some characteristic misrepresentations of Mr. Chamberlain, and these strong but deserved sentences, which we commend to the attention of those who are interested in the subject.

"The right honorable gentleman has brought into public life one of the most mischievous practices—the practice of continuing a minister in the office of his church, when he is in a state of infirmity, or when he is unable to perform his duties. This is a practice which is highly objectionable to the people, and which is highly objectionable to the church."

People think altogether too much about pleasure. They consider themselves too much, and take more pains than is dignified or fitting to avoid inconveniences and troubles or discomforts. What does it matter, after all, whether we have an easy time or not, if we are only doing what we are bound to do? Let us stand firmly on our feet, enduring hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and not at all anxious for the soft spots. There is no little danger, in these degenerate times, that the people will be led out among us, and we shall be found laying more stress on our rights than on our duties, on the reward we may get than on the good we may do. It is well to brace up occasionally, and take our bearings in this matter. "The greatest gift the hero leaves his race is to have been a hero."

The Epworth Settlement is this week moving from 18 Charter St. to 34 Hall St. The new location is the highest point in the North End, just opposite Copp's Hill burying-ground. The old North Church, from which the signal lanterns were hung for the Epworth, is at the foot of the street. The new house, which has been rented for three years, is exceptionally clean and sweet—for the North End—and besides being in perfect sanitary condition, it is in the geographical center of the work our young friends are doing. It is less than three blocks from the old location, and all the work that has been done can be carried on in the new home. Parties sending flowers, etc., will please take notice of the change.

It is a well-known fact that true happiness comes from decreasing our desires and wants rather than from adding to our possessions. Carlyle strikingly expressed this truth by saying: "The fraction of life can be increased in value not so much by increasing our numerator as by lessening our denominator. Nay, unless my algebra deceive me, unity itself divided by zero will give infinity. Make thy claim of wages a zero, then; thou hast the world under thy feet. It is only with renunciation that life, properly speaking, can be said to begin."

We are not to add to the number of parts which we possess, but to the number of parts which we represent, but lessening the number of parts which appear to us essential to constitute a proper whole. If God is to be enough, and our desires, apart from Him, the great Unity, are zero, then infinite bliss is ours. It is only a mathematical way of expressing the doctrine that full surrender is the prelude of full salvation, and that the death of self must precede possession of the true life.

We called attention, in a recent issue, to the diminution in population which is taking place in many of our New England villages, and to the character of the people left in these towns. The subject is a very grave one, and we must deal with more earnestly by all denominations. That a like condition exists in Great Britain is evidenced by the following paragraph, taken from a trustworthy religious paper:

"General Booth is impressed with the need of carrying salvation to the villages in Great Britain. He says: 'The great bulk of the world's population is in the villages and out-lying settlements. It is in these places that the people are in the greatest need of the Gospel. We have done a little, but are able to do a great deal more.' He suggests that villages should be 'grouped' for the purpose of securing effective work."

The moral and the emotional are two elements of Christian life that need to be carefully adjusted. Some persons are strong in the one direction, some in the other, few in both. But there can be no symmetry of character without a thorough development of each. Doubtless we must not be too exacting. Certainly cannot be Bernards or Rathbuns, or however much we may measure ourselves by such men and aspire to the heights of heroic devotion they gained, it is not up to measure others by them. Yet the spirit of thorough loyalty to Christ must be maintained; and wherever there is a real life of God in the soul, there some raptness will be kindled, and more or less of sentiment evolved. A religion that has no feeling in it has scarcely a right to the name of religion. And surely the name of Christ will kindle greater warmth in every true Christian heart than the name of Confucius. Something of that spiritual experience which finds natural vent in holy song and living expression in the witness of St. John will be known by all who have Jesus really abiding within. Nor need the moral be neglected because of it. The more of both the better.

We have read with unusual interest and spiritual refreshment a sermon preached by Rev. W. V. Taylor, D. D., of the Broad St. Church (N. Y. Church South), Richmond, Virginia, upon the Golden Rule and published at the request of the board of stewards of his church. As we followed the glowing thought and rich imagery of the sermon, we were happily reminded of the Sunday when we sat in the same church nearly two years ago and listened to Dr. Taylor as he broke to our hungry soul the bread of life. Here is a paragraph from the discourse that well illustrates the preacher's power of characterization:—

"The concealed, egotistical moralist intends to march up to the first gate of pearl before he will allow the light of the Gospel to enter, and show the light of his good love, which has always been satisfactory to himself. Oh, I think if he is in fact the wall of jasper, the foundation stones of jewels, in solid blocks for miles in extent, the solidness of his faith and the light of the light he approaches, and the light, the light

making gold to seem like transparent glass; and then in the overflow of spiritual light he should see his man, selfish, sensual, false heart as it really is, I think he would turn and flee and cry: 'Who can ever enter there?'"

At the Monoma Lake Assembly, Wisconsin, held last week, John Temple Graves, of Georgia, advanced some radical ideas regarding the Negro race problem in his lecture entitled, "Uncle Tom's New Cabin." He said:—

"The remedy is to be found in a Negro State planted in the heart of our own great Republic; under the shadow of the flag; under the benediction of the government. Here let him unmolested work out his final destiny. In the region of Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona is to be found an area of 150,000,000 acres, upon which our whole Negro population could find subsistence, and yet not be so densely populated as I found Germany or Belgium. The government should lend them every aid in developing the land. Negroes alone should hold the offices and the country. Nor are they opposed to such action. Actual investigation has shown that numbers are ready to go even to Africa, where they can have a State of their own."

The mania for newspaper notoriety is a weakness that inheres in many good and strong men. With some it is almost a mental disease. The editor is flooded weekly with marked papers and clippings, and rambling letters are written to him, invariably closing with items of favorable personal mention. Our predecessor, even the mild and always benignant Dr. Petros, was so besieged by notices which a certain minister sent to the office about himself, that he finally published a statement concerning him over his own signature. The remedy in that case proved effectual. We have been tempted to follow, in a few chronic cases, the example of our kind and conservative predecessor. Here, for instance, is a man in a distant city, an able and efficient minister, a man of distinction, a man of honorable repute in all good circles, and yet he is smitten with this mania for newspaper notoriety. He is forever making requests for personal mention. We allude to this one case as a warning to smaller men who may have an incipient attack of the same mental disorder. Such an intellectual malady should receive heroic personal treatment. If you are doing anything which your friends or the church ought to know, somebody will spread the needed intelligence. Some one is always waiting to give wings to noble doing.

A Chance to Do Good.
The Norwegian and Danish Mission at Concord, which has been struggling for some time to erect a house of worship, has now, with the help of God, succeeded, and built a beautiful little chapel, which is nearly completed, and will be ready for dedication in a few weeks.

Now, as we have obtained a church home, we need something with which to furnish it, and I write these lines praying and hoping that some of our churches may have laid one side just what we need, and which they will either sell very cheap, or better still, give to us.

What do we need? We need pews or tables, pulpit, pews, chairs, communion table, stove, chandeliers, lamps, and—if we can get it—an organ.

Now, brethren (trustees and pastors), if you should have any such things which you would like to dispose of, and at the same time help this Mission, I shall be glad to hear from you.

J. P. ANDERSON, Preacher in Charge.
Box 229, Concord, Mass.

The "Witness" on the Guilt of Original Sin.

We are pleased to notice that the *Christian Witness* distinctly repudiates the old-time Calvinistic dogma of the guilt of original, or inherited, or birth sin, and so finds itself in touch with most American Methodist authorities on this subject; but we are amazed that our contemporary should express the opinion that "Methodism has always held that 'original or birth sin' does not necessarily involve guilt or punishment." Can it be that the *Witness* has ever read Wesley on "Original Sin" or Watson's "Institutes"? The latter work (see Vol. II, p. 46) expressly endorses Arminianism, who tells us that the sin of our first parents exposes all their posterity to the penalty due to sin, rendering them obnoxious to condemnation and to death, temporal and eternal, except as they are graciously delivered therefrom by Jesus Christ. Limbore, the most distinguished of the reformed theologians, taught, relative to this matter, precisely the doctrine which the *Witness* admits all American Methodist authorities, including itself, uniformly teach—that it is only as the soul discovers a complete remedy for the removal of this body of death we call "inbred sin," yet refuses to employ it, that the original sin becomes its own by deliberate choice. Watson, however (see "Institutes," Vol. II, p. 77), expressly repudiates Limbore's view, and declares that the latter had, with many others, materially departed from the tenets of their master on this subject. Pope also (see "Theological Companion," Vol. II, pp. 48, 50) expressly states that the doctrine of hereditary guilt is shown to be as undeniably Scriptural as that of hereditary depravity. Yet the *Witness* avers that "No authorized Methodist from the days of Wesley until now ever taught that original sin stands for a guilty condition or liability."

Meantime, though, obviously, the *Witness* at this point has thus suffered from a lapse of memory, we beg to assure our friend that he most certainly think none the less of him because, at least in one respect, even if inadvertently, he has, together with the rest of his generation in this land, outgrown our venerable and ever beloved Father Wesley. R. H. HOWARD.

The Conferences.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

Boston District.

Epworth Church, Boston.—The following preachers will occupy this pulpit during August: Aug. 6, Rev. E. R. Thorndike, D. D., of Springfield; Aug. 13, Rev. D. Dorchester, Jr., of Malden; Aug. 20, Rev. W. P. Thirkield, D. D., of Atlanta, Ga.; Aug. 27, Rev. C. E. Libby, D. D., of Holy Springs, Miss.

Dedham.—A Junior League has just been organized, with a membership of 25.

North Boston District.

First Church, Somerville.—Bishop Mallon preached at this church Sunday morning to the great delight of a large congregation.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE.

Providence District.

The change made in the Rhode Island divorce laws, by act of the General Assembly last week, has aroused much interest in a few weeks since, aroused new interest in an old, and somewhat controversial subject. It was shown by the legislature that marriage is a natural right, and should be contracted without permission of the legislature; but it cannot be dissolved without

legislative sanction. There are numerous causes for which a divorce in this State may be granted. Among these was willful desertion for five years or a shorter period in the discretion of the court. The bill recently passed has modified the old law to a great extent, and the insertion of the permissive clause leaves it discretionary with the court whether or not a decree shall be granted after a separation of ten years. To secure a divorce under the new law something more than a merely temporary separation is necessary. It has often been asserted that many persons desirous of obtaining a divorce came to Rhode Island because the laxity of the divorce laws would enable them to obtain a decree on grounds which would defeat their purpose in other States. During the past twenty-five years, 4,602 persons in this State have been granted divorces. The new law is a step in the right direction; others will follow later, and our divorce laws will be in harmony with the principles of honor and the teachings of the Bible.

Rev. Julian S. Wadsworth, pastor of the church in Phenix, occupied his pulpit, July 23, after an absence of several weeks in the West, where he has been spending his annual vacation.

Rev. L. E. Dunham occupied the pulpit of the Tabernacle Church, Providence, on a recent Sunday morning during the temporary illness of the pastor, Rev. J. A. Root. We are glad to hear that Bro. Root is again at work with increased physical vigor.

The editor of the *Rhode Island Pendulum* has issued a pamphlet containing a full account of the anniversary exercises of the *St. Greenwich Academy*. Dr. Blake's sermon before the graduating class is given in full. Very good sketches of the Conference sermon by Rev. J. F. Cooper, of Providence, and of the address of Rev. Dr. L. A. Banks before the Philanthropic and Castilian Societies, appear in its pages. In fact, it gives twenty-six pages of interesting reading, relating almost everything that occurred during the last nine days of the grandest year in the history of the Academy.

The press of Snow & Farnham, Providence, has just issued the Annual Catalogue of East Greenwich Academy. It is a gem indeed—an illustrated edition, containing numerous views of the buildings and several full pages of information respecting courses of study, location, means of access, history, design, etc. As might be expected, it is by far the best catalogue of the school that has ever been issued. The faculty consists of fourteen persons. We notice several new names in the list of instructors. All will regret the absence of Professor Alexander, who is a fine classical scholar and an excellent teacher. The Academy sustains a real loss in the departure of Miss Eva Coscaden, D. O., who has done much of the finest work in the department of elocution and oratory. A very large number of pupils pursued these studies with great profit. The mere announcement that her pupils were to give a recital would fill Academy Hall even on a stormy night. We trust that the new teachers will show the same enthusiasm and be favored with the same success as attended their distinguished predecessors. Every chair is now filled. May the future of this grand school be better even than the past!

X. X. X.

New Bedford District.

Centerville.—Rev. J. S. Meracle, the pastor, baptised and received into full communion two young people recently. Steps are being taken for the organization of an Epworth League chapter.

Dighton.—The new church is being pushed forward rapidly. The exterior is already completed, and the plasterers are at work on the interior. The building is an ornament to the village, and when finished will meet all the demands of the society. Pastors have been in looking after the work and in collecting funds to meet the payments as they come due.

South Somerset.—Rev. L. M. Flocken recently baptised two persons, and received one into full membership and the other on probation.

Little Compton.—Rev. W. E. Kugler, pastor. Our church is most harmoniously carrying on its work, and enjoys very fraternal relations with the other churches of the town. This town has a large number of summer residents, and its superior attractions as a quiet resting-place by the sea are being more fully appreciated year by year. The congregations at the two churches are somewhat increased by these summer residents, but not to the extent they should be.

Westport Point.—Similar conditions exist here as at Little Compton. The tower of the church has recently been repaired and painted, which completes the improvements commenced last autumn. Rev. F. B. Raynor is pastor, and has been active in securing the accomplishment of this work.

Brayton Church, Fall River.—The Epworth League is preparing for cold weather by putting into this church a new furnace of capacity to thoroughly heat it in any weather.

At Pearl St., Brockton, an important work is being done. A year ago the interior was repaired, refrescoed and otherwise beautified, but it was soon discovered that, owing to the condition of the walls, the fresco would not adhere. To remedy this the edifice has just been replastered and refrescoed. The outside of the building has also received a new coat of paint, which greatly improves its appearance. The work is nearly completed, and the church will be ready for occupancy by the middle of August, with all bells paid for provided. During the time these improvements were being made, a tent pitched beside the church. Since July 9 special services have been held, in which the pastor, Rev. J. E. Johnson, has received very efficient help from Christian workers from Boston. These meetings have been quickened, fifteen or more persons have professed conversion, and a deep religious interest pervades the community. The pastor is pressing the work with untiring zeal.

The library of the late Rev. John Livesey is for sale. These books have been carefully selected, and include, besides the standard Methodist authors, many modern works, and will be sold at greatly reduced prices. The books may be examined or a list of them with prices may be obtained by applying to Mrs. Livesey at 78 Chestnut St., New Bedford, Mass.

Preparations for Yarmouth Camp-meeting are nearly completed. An unusually large number of families are already occupying their cottages, and the prospect is good for a large attendance at the meeting. Rev. S. F. Upham, D. D., of Drew Theological Seminary, is to preach the opening sermon on Monday evening, Aug. 7. An attractive program has been arranged for picnic day, Aug. 3, including addresses by N. S. Groot, with crayon illustrations, and J. L. Gordon, secretary of the Boston Y. M. C. A.

N. B. D.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.

Bucksport District.
Franklin.—This church is economically reported in the Minutes as having given \$15 for repairs on church property. The amount expended was \$225. Rev. S. S. Gross is pastor.

VERMONT CONFERENCE.

St. Johnsbury District.
Franklin.—Rev. W. C. Johnson, the popular pastor of our church at this place, has just been bereaved in the loss of his mother, who died in another place. She was a good woman, and loved best by those who knew her most thoroughly.

Williamstown.—Kavanaugh Noble, who is in the employ of the Vermont Holiness Association during the summer months, preached at Williamstown the fourth Sunday in July. Pastor Reynolds is away on a four weeks' vacation, and wrote him that he is in poor health, and has been obliged to cancel some camp-meeting engagements on that account.

Westfield.—Mrs. J. K. Knapp has been on the sick list for a short time, but nothing serious is feared.

Hardwick.—Repairs have been commenced on the Methodist house of worship at this place. Rev. H. W. Worthen, D. D., is the pastor.

West Groton.—Rev. E. T. Hutchins occupies a peculiar distinction, being the only man in the Conference who is stationed in two districts at the same time. According to the Minutes he is a supply at Corinth in Montpelier District and West Groton in St. Johnsbury District. At the latter place there has been a gracious revival, and Rev. O. M. Boutwell, of Groton, went over last Sunday and baptised seven of the converts.

Bro. Hutchins not being ordained. The interest continues, and larger results are expected.

F. M. S.—Owing to the great demand for the elegant prospectus recently issued, the first edition has been exhausted, and another will soon be ready for delivery. Financial Agent Spencer reports a most encouraging outlook. The papers throughout the State are giving very favorable mention of the school, and making special mention of the advantages afforded by our new business department.

Albany.—Seven persons were received into full communion July 16, and one was baptized and received on probation. There is a good interest and a flourishing Epworth League on this charge. Rev. J. S. Allen is pastor.

St. Johnsbury.—Pastor Smithers has returned from his vacation, and is busy preparing for the work on this important charge. He is giving very favorable mention of the Epworth League at the coming Conference Convention.

Burr.—Loring Watson, an aged and highly esteemed member of the church, recently passed to his reward. He had given \$500 to the Seminary, \$100 to the Free Will Baptist Aid Society, and was a large contributor to the various missionary societies of the church.

RETAIN.

NEW ENGLAND CHAUTAUQU AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL ASSEMBLY.

Lake View, South Framingham.

REV. JAMES FRAMES.

Perhaps never before have the beautiful grounds of Lake View presented so attractive and delightful an appearance as they do this season. By way of compensation, the tardiness of summer's approach has preserved to grass and foliage a greenness not often seen when July suns blaze and burn. Superintendent Cochran and his well-directed corps of helpers have succeeded in making things unusually trim and neat. The owners of cottages, too, have been improving and painting their summer dwellings. Beds and borders of gay and fragrant flowers add charm and variety to the scene.

The great attraction of the World's Fair at Chicago is making its influence felt at all the usual resorts of the seekers of rest and pleasure, whether on mountain or in forest, in grove or by the shore of the sounding sea. Perhaps, too, the financial situation is not without its effect, even upon the constituents of Chautauqua Summer Assemblies. Yet, while the number of guests in the cottage homes is smaller than in previous years, the attendance day by day is apparently quite up to the usual average. Happy children poised, swallow-like, in the swings provided for their delectation. Their older brothers and sisters play the tennis-racket, labor at the oar, or ride the popular and health-promoting wheel. All this, however, in the intervals—if intervals there be, for the program hardly reveals them—of attendance upon classes and lectures, drills and musical rehearsals.

The program is rich and diversified, though perhaps the staff of lecturers is not wholly equal to that of some preceding years. Prof. Votaw and the Greek classes give place to Professor Wilfred H. Munro and the University Extension course of lectures on medieval history. The professor has the care of this department at Brown University. Of the competency of the teacher there can be no doubt; but, possibly, a more popular and useful course of lectures might have been arranged.

Physical culture is well cared for in the classes conducted by Miss May V. Perham, a graduate and post-graduate of the Pose Normal School of Gymnastic, Boston. The lessons are as good as tend to develop function and muscle, and are calculated to secure definite effects of mental development. No apparatus is used. The classes have proved so attractive that the hour has to be divided into two periods, for the mutual advantage of juveniles and seniors.

In music, Professor Boyd, of Cambridge (now director of the Tremont Temple church choir, as successor to Mr. Chellus), who scored so marked a success last year in the training of the

(Continued on Page 8.)

PICTURESQUE ROUTE TO THE FAIR.

No other line offers the variety of scenic interest between New York and Chicago that is enjoyed by World's Fair tourists via the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Passing through Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, the capital of the nation, and by way of Harper's Ferry and the historic Potomac Valley to the Allegheny Mountains, which are crossed at an elevation of 5,000 feet above the sea, the traveler sees the scene of the activity of the nation as well as the principal historical features and scenic wonders of the East. Low rates.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Epworth Church, Epworth, Aug. 3-8.
Yarmouth Camp-meeting, Aug. 7-14.
Interdenominational Christian Workers' Convention, at Old Orchard, Me., Aug. 7-14.
Weir, N. H., Camp in eting, Aug. 14-19.
Eastern Maine Chautauqua Assembly, at Northport, Me., Aug. 14-19.
Hodgdon, Me., Camp-meeting, Aug. 14-19.
Williamstown Camp-meeting, Aug. 14-19.
Richmond Camp-meeting and Assembly, Aug. 14-19.
Ashbury Grove Camp-meeting, Hamilton, Aug. 15-21.
Epworth League Convention of Boston and No. Boston Districts, at Sterling Camp-ground, Aug. 16.
Westbury Camp-meeting, Aug. 16-21.
Lyndonville, Vt., Camp-meeting, Aug. 21-28.
Northfield, N. H., Camp-meeting, Aug. 21-28.
Sterling Camp-meeting, Aug. 21-28.
Northport Camp-meeting, Aug. 21-28.
Foxcroft, Me., Camp-meeting, Aug. 21-28.
Laurie Park Camp-meeting, Aug. 21-28.
Clarendon Camp-meeting, Aug. 21-28.
East Machias, Me., Camp-meeting, Aug. 21-28.
Groton, N. H., Camp-meeting, Aug. 21-28.
Wilton Camp-meeting, Aug. 21-28.
Rockford, Me., Camp-meeting, Aug. 21-28.
East Livermore Camp-meeting, Aug. 21-28.
Colebrook, N. H., Camp-meeting, Aug. 21-28.
Annual meeting of the W. H. M. Society, of the N. E. South's Conference, at First M. E. Church, Newport, Sept. 15, 20.
ORCHARD BEACH CAMP-MEETINGS: Union Cong. of Christian Workers, Aug. 7-14.
Portland District Camp-meeting, Aug. 14-19.
General Temperance Meeting and W. C. T. U., Aug. 19-28.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.

The address of Rev. G. W. Norris, until Sept. 1, will be East Eppling, N. H.

Many Letters from July 22 to 29.

W. D. Bridge, C. C. Haddon, W. L. Brown, W. M. Bradley, Geo. Clark, A. Cameron, T. Y. Crowell & Co., E. S. Fogarty, E. A. French, Luther Freeman, R. O. Frazer, L. P. Freeman, C. B. Greenwood, E. C. Gammage, Mrs. G. G. Gammage, Charles Hurlbut, Thos. Haworth, A. J. Hall, Mrs. H. Hayden, J. A. Johnston, E. U. Kirby, F. H. Knight, Mrs. W. Lowell, G. N. Lamb, J. H. Newland, E. T. Noyes, Mrs. N. O. O'Neil, Frank Ostrander, Mrs. Perkins, Geo. J. Perrybridge, J. S. Steele, S. B. Sweetser, C. H. Talmage, H. E. Wolfe, C. L. Williams, R. H. Washburn.

W. F. M. S.—There will be a Union Convention of the Western Division of Boston and North Boston Districts at Trinity House, Sterling Junction camp-ground, Wednesday, Aug. 9, commencing at 10 a. m., and continuing through the afternoon and evening. A first-class program, both enjoyable and profitable, is provided. Let the auxiliaries of each district make special effort to be present. Basket lunch, Tea and coffee served by the Sterling C. G. Auxiliary at the Waltham House. All are cordially invited.

Mrs. M. W. MUDGE, Dis.
Mrs. L. F. HARRISON, Secs.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

MONTHLY DISTRICT—SECOND QUARTER.

[The first date indicates time for Quarterly Conference; the second, for Sabbath Service.]

AUG.
Brownville & Acushnet—West Fairlee, 12, eve, 13, eve, 14, eve, 15, eve, 16, eve, 17, eve, 18, eve, 19, eve, 20, eve, 21, eve, 22, eve, 23, eve, 24, eve, 25, eve, 26, eve, 27, eve, 28, eve, 29, eve, 30, eve, 31, eve.
Bradford, 5, eve, 6, eve, 7, eve, 8, eve, 9, eve, 10, eve, 11, eve, 12, eve, 13, eve, 14, eve, 15, eve, 16, eve, 17, eve, 18, eve, 19, eve, 20, eve, 21, eve, 22, eve, 23, eve, 24, eve, 25, eve, 26, eve, 27, eve, 28, eve, 29, eve, 30, eve, 31, eve.
Bridgewater, 12, eve, 13, eve, 14, eve, 15, eve, 16, eve, 17, eve, 18, eve, 19, eve, 20, eve, 21, eve, 22, eve, 23, eve, 24, eve, 25, eve, 26, eve, 27, eve, 28, eve, 29, eve, 30, eve, 31, eve.
C. F. Fairbridge, 12, eve, 13, eve, 14, eve, 15, eve, 16, eve, 17, eve, 18, eve, 19, eve, 20, eve, 21, eve, 22, eve, 23, eve, 24, eve, 25, eve, 26, eve, 27, eve, 28, eve, 29, eve, 30, eve, 31, eve.
Barnard & E. Barnard, 12, eve, 13, eve, 14, eve, 15, eve, 16, eve, 17, eve, 18, eve, 19, eve, 20, eve, 21, eve, 22, eve, 23, eve, 24, eve, 25, eve, 26, eve, 27, eve, 28, eve, 29, eve, 30, eve, 31, eve.
SEPT.
Windsor, 12, eve, 13, eve, 14, eve, 15, eve, 16, eve, 17, eve, 18, eve, 19, eve, 20, eve, 21, eve, 22, eve, 23, eve, 24, eve, 25, eve, 26, eve, 27, eve, 28, eve, 29, eve, 30, eve, 31, eve.
Union Village, 2, eve, 3, eve, 4, eve, 5, eve, 6, eve, 7, eve, 8, eve, 9, eve, 10, eve, 11, eve, 12, eve, 13, eve, 14, eve, 15, eve, 16, eve, 17, eve, 18, eve, 19, eve, 20, eve, 21, eve, 22, eve, 23, eve, 24, eve, 25, eve, 26, eve, 27, eve, 28, eve, 29, eve, 30, eve, 31, eve.
Woodstock & Quebec, 2, eve, 3, eve, 4, eve, 5, eve, 6, eve, 7, eve, 8, eve, 9, eve, 10, eve, 11, eve, 12, eve, 13, eve, 14, eve, 15, eve, 16, eve, 17, eve, 18, eve, 19, eve, 20, eve, 21, eve, 22, eve, 23, eve, 24, eve, 25, eve, 26, eve, 27, eve, 28, eve, 29, eve, 30, eve, 31, eve.
Athens, 5, eve, 10, eve, 15, eve, 20, eve, 25, eve, 30, eve.
Hartland, 5, eve, 10, eve, 15, eve, 20, eve, 25, eve, 30, eve.
Rochester, 5, eve, 10, eve, 15, eve, 20, eve, 25, eve, 30, eve.
West Berlin, 2, eve, 3, eve, 4, eve, 5, eve, 6, eve, 7, eve, 8, eve, 9, eve, 10, eve, 11, eve, 12, eve, 13, eve, 14, eve, 15, eve, 16, eve, 17, eve, 18, eve, 19, eve, 20, eve, 21, eve, 22, eve, 23, eve, 24, eve, 25, eve, 26, eve, 27, eve, 28, eve, 29, eve, 30, eve, 31, eve.
Wilmington, Sept. 30, eve, 1, eve, 2, eve, 3, eve, 4, eve, 5, eve, 6, eve, 7, eve, 8, eve, 9, eve, 10, eve, 11, eve, 12, eve, 13, eve, 14, eve, 15, eve, 16, eve, 17, eve, 18, eve, 19, eve, 20, eve, 21, eve, 22, eve, 23, eve, 24, eve, 25, eve, 26, eve, 27, eve, 28, eve, 29, eve, 30, eve, 31, eve.
Jacksonville, 2, a. m., 1, eve, 2, eve, 3, eve, 4, eve, 5, eve, 6, eve, 7, eve, 8, eve, 9, eve, 10, eve, 11, eve, 12, eve, 13, eve, 14, eve, 15, eve, 16, eve, 17, eve, 18, eve, 19, eve, 20, eve, 21, eve, 22, eve, 23, eve, 24, eve, 25, eve, 26, eve, 27, eve, 28, eve, 29, eve, 30, eve, 31, eve.
Brattleboro, Sept. 30, eve, 1, eve, 2, eve, 3, eve, 4, eve, 5, eve, 6, eve, 7, eve, 8, eve, 9, eve, 10, eve, 11, eve, 12, eve, 13, eve, 14, eve, 15, eve, 16, eve, 17, eve, 18, eve, 19, eve, 20, eve, 21, eve, 22, eve, 23, eve, 24, eve, 25, eve, 26, eve, 27, eve, 28, eve, 29, eve, 30, eve, 31, eve.
S. Loudonbury, 2, eve, 3, eve, 4, eve, 5, eve, 6, eve, 7, eve, 8, eve, 9, eve, 10, eve, 11, eve, 12, eve, 13, eve, 14, eve, 15, eve, 16, eve, 17, eve, 18, eve, 19, eve, 20, eve, 21, eve, 22, eve, 23, eve, 24, eve, 25, eve, 26, eve, 27, eve, 28, eve

The Family.

"UP TO THE HILLS."

MR. M. A. HOLY.

I often turn my eyes up to the hills,
That sometimes seem so many leagues away,
And then a longing wish my spirit fills,
That I may reach them some fair, happy day.
And then again so near to me seem
That I can almost hear the music grand
Come floating sweetly o'er the narrow stream
That flows between me and that peaceful land.
And often when my eyes are dim with tears,
And I am weary in life's lonely way,
I look beyond to those calm, blessed years
That crown the fair old mountains all the day.
And ever when my soul is filled with pain,
And I am crushed to earth with nameless grief,
I look up to the hills, and hope again
Brings to my wounded soul a sweet relief.
O blessed hills! beyond the creeping years
That come to me like the shadows on my face,
When God shall wipe away my bitter tears,
Your sun-crowned heights shall be forever mine.

LONGING.

If I could reach across the empty years,
Reach deep in graves where long ago we hid
Hands I loved best, could wipe away my tears
And see to open of old days I longed for,
Could find my own just as they used to be,
In health and beauty, come to cheer and bless,
I should forget the griefs that I have known,
And life would be an untold blessedness.
Oh! if I could but lay these longing lips
Against the face of those who are no more,
Could smooth the hair hid by the grave's eclipse,
Could hold my darling to my heart again,
His loving arms closed round me but once more,
His voice the sweetest I have ever given,
I should be happier than the angels are,
'T would rest me more than all the songs of heaven.
I should be awed before the great white throne,
My trembling soul would quiver with awe,
I only ask God to give me heart tonight,
To let me hold him to my heart tonight.
If I could see the purple tide of life
Recede those lips, could shape them to a kiss
Like those they gave me every morn and night,
What more could mortal ask of earthly bliss?
If only I might hear a single word
From those dear lips! Oh, if I could divine
Their slightest whisper, it were joy indeed;
An angel's joy were grief compared to mine,
If in those dear eyes I could see love's light
Come surging backward, fill them to the brim—
O longing heart, know thou thy darkest night
Mergeth in God's fair dawn; trust in Him!
—NELLIE HART WOODWORTH, in Boston Journal.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Such as every one is inwardly, so he judgeth outwardly. — Thomas à Kempis.

Quoth the cedar to the reeds and rushes:
Water grass, you know not what I do;
Know not of my storms, nor of my hues,
And—I know not you. — Jean Ingelow.

To know how to be ready we must be able to finish. Nothing is done but what is finished. The things which we leave dragging behind us will start up again later on before us and harass our path. Let each day take thought for what concerns it, liquidate its own affairs and respect the day which is to follow, and then we shall be always ready. To know how to be ready is at bottom to know how to die. — Henri Frederic Amiel.

"If I had been here, my brother had not died!" If something had happened which had not happened, the event might have been less wretched. Oh, how often do reflections similar to this barb the arrow of affliction with a poignancy which nothing else can give! These are the thoughts which in our wretchedness make us doubly wretched. "If we had taken such a course, if we had acted in some other manner, how different would have been the issue!" There can be nothing more unwise, perhaps few things more unholily, than reasoning thus. In dwelling upon second causes we overlook the first great cause of all, the God of heaven and earth, who alone ordereth all things and doeth all things well. Has the Lord no share in the decision? Did He not direct our present disappointment? Was He not present when our friend was taken from us? Duties are ours, events are God's. — Blunt.

When we are spiritually content, we cease to grow. The soul must ever strive along the upward path. It keeps itself alive by climbing. The air of valleys is mephitic to it. It is a denizen of the hills. Eternal effort seems terrible to think of; but, the higher we go, the more painless effort becomes. It turns at last to a natural impulse, like the upward flight of the bird. This serenity is not the result of a low content with self. It is the ease of strong wings. But we cannot always aspire, you will say. The bird that flies highest comes to the low branch to build its nest. But how sad would it be, were the bird to lose its wings, and become permanently incapable of flight! It is this kind of atrophy that we have most to dread. Thousands of things are striving to clip the wings of the soul. Without excursions to higher fields from which we bring enlarged vision and nobler consecration, we lose the possibility of growth. — Christian Register.

Only a hand to lead him
Away from the paths of sin,
Toward the beautiful, peaceful portal
Where the pure shall enter in;
Away from the haunts of the wretched,
Away from the cry of the wailing,
Away from the gloomy darkness,
To the realms of eternal light.

Only—but then the only
Make up the mighty all—
The only fill a lifetime,
Until the Master's call.
Then we pass through the shining portals
To kneel at the dear Lord's feet,
Where His only glad rejoicing,
And rest and peace complete.

— Selected.

Ever since the snowdrop came up through the snow, and blessed us in the wild spring weather, there has been a perpetual ingathering of ripe things. The spring blossoms ripened when our eyes had been gladdened, and our hearts had fed on their beauty and sweetness, and when their time came they passed away; they are heaped in the granaries of life; the corruptible has put in corruption, and the mortal, immortality; they are not in our memory merely, but in our being.
The first-fruits of summer came; it was ordained of Heaven that they should not wait for the later harvest; they must ripen in June, or not at all; and so they ripened and were gathered, and reckoned in the harvest of the year. There were other fruits which came to their perfection in the strong sun of August. They must be gathered when they were ripe; they could not wait for the early frost; and they had a part of the harvest too, just as truly as the grapes and corn. The completeness of the harvest, then, is in the great span of it; and we have understood what is fruit unto God when we understand and feel how good it is for our life to take in this long ripening, together with the vastness and variety. No human eye may ever see myriads of blessings we must count in the harvest of God, and yet the bluebell, waving in the wilderness, shall

be a sky of azure fretted with gold for a host of God's creatures living under its vast domain and rejoicing in the completeness of its blessing. — REV. ROBERT COLLYER, D. D., in "The Life that Now Is."

Our dead influence us all the more now that they are dead, and because they are dead. All that they were while with us stands out the more clearly now that they are away from us, and above us. We better appreciate their best ideals because those ideals have become a reality in our vivid memories. We long to be worthy of such love as they gave us, and to preserve in the direction of their aspirations in our behalf. Let us never fear that our influence over our dear ones will end with our earthly lives, if we live worthily while we live. Two little brothers were talking of their mother, recently, about their dead father. One of them, an eleven-year-old boy, said: "I think more of my father than I used to. I find myself asking every day: 'How would my father want me to act?' 'Would my father like this?' It seems as if he were close to me all the time; and I want to do what I think he would like." The other little fellow, three years younger, added: "I never go to bed at night without praying that God will help me to be just the kind of boy that my father would like. And so that father is an ever-present influence in the dear home he has left for all time. . . . Living or dead, they who are in Christ are sharing Christ's work; for they who are in Christ can never die, and where He is they are sharers of His labors and influence. — Sunday School Times.

The inconveniences of conscience apply to heavenly things. It is so unpleasant to feel that we stand in need of forgiveness and should seek it. By the law is the knowledge of sin and the law appeals to the conscience. David once reached by Nathan breaks down completely. The sense of guilt had been put in his bones like an underground fire. But he gets relief from the mercy of God which is as great as the heavens are high above the earth, and strives more manfully after holiness. The man who can stand in the face of temptation, "I was troubled when I remembered God," has within him a power making for righteousness. The sigh and appeal for forgiveness are the chief and noblest working of conscience, whether the forgiveness sought be of man or of God. The annals of English literature furnish few finer scenes than that of Dr. Samuel Johnson standing in the open square of his native town with the rain beating down upon his bare head. He stood there for an hour. It was an exaltation for the falsehood had told his father on his death-bed. To such a man conscience is changed from a cumbersome impediment to a trusty pilot and familiar counselor. In the olden days of the convent of Einsiedeln on the Lake of Lucerne was the Latin inscription, "Hic plena remissio peccatorum." "Here is full forgiveness of sins." At the throne of grace conscience tells its guilt, and from Him who forgiveth all iniquities cometh the peace such as the world cannot give. It is the voice of God in the soul, or, as Benjamin Franklin used to call it, "the little spark of celestial fire;" and whatever system it be in private life or politics, in home or at school, that leaves out the education of conscience as the chief thing, is not of God and makes not for godliness. — Rev. D. S. Schaff, D. D.

JOHN DRUMMOND'S DISCOVERY.

HARRIET E. WATERMAN.

"It does seem as if John Drummond had got to be near about the meanest 'n' the fattest man in the town," said Betsy Drake, as she seated herself at the tea-table. "But 'n' ain't to be wondered at none. I s'pose he's jest about half 'n' rum the most of his time."

"John don't take enough to hurt him," replied her husband, as he poured his smoking tea into his saucer, and applied it to his lips with both hands.

"Now, 'Slah Drake, don't go to talkin' sech stuff to me; you men are the greatest for alluz standin' up for one another."

"You never see him drunk, did ye?" was the inquiry, in a sharp, crisp tone.

"No, I never see him real drunk; he don't stagger round, nor tumble down, nor nothin' like that; but he ain't been hisself this five year, 'Slah, 'n' you know it. He has his drinks in the mornin' before breakfast, 'n' some through the day, so they say, 'n' after supper he goes over to Bill Dobbs' store."

"Wa'al, he don't take much there, now, 'cause I've been in myself 'n' seen him set an hour by the clock, 'n' talkin' 'n' tellin' stories, with a tumbler o' rum on the table side of him, and as like as not he wouldn't take a sip till jest as he was about startin' to go home."

"Yes, that's once or twice; but a good deal you know how much he drinks. What's he there at all for, with a good little wife at home a-slavin' herself to death, 'n' half-sick 'bout him?"

"What's riled you up so, all at once, Betsy? You seen Nellie?"

"Yes, I went round the first thing this afternoon, after I got the dinner dishes cleared up. I took her a couple o' pies. I thought 't would help along a little. That man of hers is sech an everlastin' eater it seems as if it took a good share of her time to git him filled up. I b'lieve them sort o' drinkers does eat more than some kinds."

"B'lieve 'n' you say there a good deal, off 'n' on, 'n' she says of all the eaters she ever did see, he's the master. He likes sweet things, too—some say drinkers don't gen'rally—but B'lieve says nothin' in the way o' vittles comes anis to him. I tell her Nellie's cookin' is somethin' 'n' you don't git every day. But she's breakin' down, Nellie is—you can't cheat me; the way that poor thing went on today! I don't know 's I've cried so since the baby died. You see, Nellie's dreadful still about her feelin's—she don't hardly ever talk about 'em; but somehow it did seem today as if she'd stood about all she could, 'n' she knew 't I wouldn't go from Dan to Basheby tattlin' what she said."

"How come she to tell you, Betsy?"

"Wa'al, we got to talkin' about the baby, jist; he's been a poor, little, pindlin', peaked critter ever since he come into the world, make the best of him. She wanted to know how mine seemed before he died. She said she didn't b'lieve she should ever be able to raise little Jim, 'n' she thought 'praps 't would be all right if she didn't—there wan't much of a look-out for any of 'em; 'n' then she broke right down; she said she felt as if she must talk to somebody."

"John don't do right—I've known that a good while," answered 'Slah, as he took off his spectacles, which had somehow become dim, and wiped them on his shirt sleeve. "He hadn't ought to spend his money a-treatin' old Joe Hutchins, jist 'cause he pities him 'n' hates to see him settin' round longin' for a drink."

"It's a good deal wuss than we've known for, husband. Nellie says he's so cross some

nights when he comes home she's gittin' to be afraid of him; she never see a man changed so. He's always boasted that he was only one o' your moderate drinkers, 'n' he never took enough to feel it, 'n' all that sort o' talk; but last night he come home crazy's a coot, she said, 'n' they couldn't do nothin' with him. She tried to coax him to go to bed; but no—nothin' would do but he must sit in the kitchen, a-talkin' 'n' takin' on; sayin' how nobody cared for him, 'n' he guessed he might as well put hisself in the river as not; 'n' Josie, she wouldn't go to bed nuther, but stayed up with him till mornin', cryin' 'n' kassin' him 'n' tellin' how she loved him, no matter what he did. She's a dreadful kind, good girl, but he's been cross to her some lately. You see, Nellie said she couldn't have him comin' into the chamber so late, stompin' 'round 'n' wak' in little Jim, 'n' scarin' him 'most to death thowin' his boots 'round, 'n' makin' all the noise he could, set to be hateful; so she made the bed up in the spare-room. He seemed to like that at first, but now he's taken to sayin' that his wife has turned agin him 'n' gone back on her marriage vows, 'n' sech stuff. It seems as if Nellie was all unstrung—she says she don't know what to do. The baby's got so nervous he's all a-tremble of his father goes near him, 'n' that makes John mad, 'n' he says she's turned his own son agin him; as if a child a year old knew about sech nonsense! Nellie says she's kind o' 'fraid he will make war with hisself, but I tell her she needn't be scared—there ain't a mite o' danger."

"Wa'al, I declare, I am sorry for John, 'n' no mistake; I didn't s'pose he was so bad off that. Why, he was one of the likeliest young fellows I ever see in my life when he got married. I hope he ain't goin' to die a drunkard like his Uncle Seth."

"Wa'al, we won't go to talkin' 't 'round. 'I was thinkin' 'praps we'd better make it a subject o' prayer Friday night; but I don't know—folks would git hold of it then."

"Course they would; 'n' what good would that do?"

"Why, 'Slah Drake! You b'lieve in the efficacy of prayer, you know you do!"

"Wa'al, yes—I alluz did; but it does seem sometimes as if the Lord had a good deal on his hands."

"Tain't a bit more than He is able to do if He thinks He had oughter to do it, 'Slah."

John Drummond came home in a state of mind quite the reverse of amiable, as was usually the case now. His daughter was getting the supper, while his wife sat at the window with a book in her lap.

"I don't see but what you get time to read, after all, Nell, for all you think you have to work so hard."

"I have not complained of my work, John."

"Well, what is't you complain of, then? Your eyes are always red nowadays; and if there's anything in the Lord's world I hate to see, 'tis women 'round enfilin'." And Josie, she's trying it on too, lately."

"Mother has been reading about ten minutes," said Josie. "She's had to hold the baby 'most all day, he's been so worrisome, and he's jist got asleep. B'lieve's up there with him now."

"Well, I hope he'll stay asleep awhile, and let us eat in peace. I'm as hungry as a bear."

"Now don't be cross, father; the meat will be cooked in a minute, and I've got some nice scrambled eggs for you."

"What's that book you've got there, Nell?"

"It's one Mrs. Page brought in this mornin'. She says it is full of the most high and noble thoughts, and so helpful for every one."

"Ministers' wives are too sentimental for us common folks; I don't want to read anything she recommends."

"You don't read even the newspaper lately, John."

"No, I don't; I'm too tired nights to sit up reading. You'd better try a hand at being a carpenter a spell, if you want to know what work is. Besides, I like to go where folks are jolly."

"Are you going out tonight, father?" asked Josie.

"Why, yes, of course I am—a while; and don't you go to sitting up for me—do you hear, girl? I don't want any more of that! I've got to have some recreation, and that's all there is about it; and I'm going to stay as long as I please, too. I hate to see a man bossed by women."

"I guess all the bossin' you've had has 'n't hurt ye much," said the high-pitched voice of Belinda Thompson, who entered the room at this stage of the conversation.

The latter individual exercised the usual privilege of a valued household assistant with a sharp tongue, of saying pretty much what she chose, without rebuke. With a certain amount of native tact, however, she understood how far to venture, and her tart speeches, though personal, were seldom offensive.

For some reason or other, John's appetite this evening did not come up to his expectation, which his wife and daughter wondered at, but neither ventured any remark on the subject. Having finished his supper he left the table and the house, but did not go to his favorite haunt.

It was this very evening on his way home that he had crossed 'Slah Drake's field. It was a shorter cut than going around by the road. The kitchen windows of the little gray house looked out on the field; but tall bushes of phlox, not yet in bloom, stood up against them, and hid John's tall form from the eyes of the farmer and his wife as they sat at their small, square table.

"I hope he ain't goin' to die a drunkard, like his Uncle Seth."

The words dropped into his heart like lead. No, he did not go to Bill Dobbs' store; he walked down the road a short piece until he was well out of sight of the house, and sat down on some old logs which lay by the side of the road. He took off his hat and let the sweet June air play over his hot, flushed face. The scent of the roses in the little yard in front of his house came to him faintly now and then.

Just across the meadow opposite was a clump of dark, softly-whispering pine trees. The stars gathered and gathered, and by and by the moon came and threw a broad sweep of light over the meadow, darkening the color of the pines. He sat there and thought, how the years seemed to go by him in a

cession—the vanished years! Five, ten, fifteen, yes, seventeen years! Last evening had been the seventeenth anniversary of his marriage with Ellen Forsyth, the handsomest and nicest girl in the village. How had he spent it! Playing euchre until twelve o'clock in the dirty back room of Bill Dobbs' dirty store, with poor, besotted Joe Hutchins for a partner. He was waiting there for him now; for they had vowed when they were parted to meet tonight and beat Jake Marston and Simon Pettengill all hollow. Well, Joe would have to wait in vain, for a new force was at work, and a voice was speaking in John Drummond's soul which would be heard. It recalled to him the downward road he had long been treading. The habit which he had boasted never could fasten itself upon him, had him firmly in its grasp. Not a morning had passed for more than three years on which he had not taken his liquor. He had not felt properly set up for his work until he had been fortified by a stiff glass of whiskey. He began to realize how it was telling on his temper—how rude and coarse he had become to his wife and daughter. In the early years of their married life it was always "Nellie," which had long been for him the sweetest name in the world; now it was "Nell," flung out in the rough, harsh tone in which he had often heard his Uncle Seth address his own wife, who had been a patient, heart-broken woman just as poor Nellie was rapidly becoming. And little Jim—his only boy! Would he live, and grow up to be another drunkard?

A sudden horror seized him—a burning remorse, so overwhelming that he felt he could not endure it. Clouds had come across the sky and hidden the moon. The wind was rising. He got up and walked further down the road. He saw the low, leaden line beyond; that was the river—and, his evil spirit whispered, all ready for him. But now the clouds started on, as if they were hurrying along on a new errand, and the moon was left alone in its brightness.

He turned quickly, and ran as if chased by an enemy in the direction of his home. The odor of the roses—Nellie's flowers—came again, and the frenzy was gone. "I'll go home, and see 'em again once more, anyhow," he thought. He wondered if they were all in bed; he half hoped Josie would be sitting up for him, even after what he had said to her. Probably Nellie was awake, as the baby did not sleep much at night, though lately he did not cry; he was getting too weak for that.

He opened the side door with his key, and let himself into the little entry which adjoined the kitchen. His candle was on the kitchen table as usual, and a tin box of matches was fastened up against the wall. He hated a candle, but of late his wife had not dared to leave a kerosene lamp. He suspected the reason of the change, and it angered him. Poor Nellie seldom did anything right nowadays. He lighted the candle, and seated himself in Nellie's sewing-chair, the covering of which, once a bright, pretty pattern of dowered patch, was now worn and faded.

The book of which she had spoken as being so cheering and helpful lay on her work-basket. Why, he could not have told, as he had never cared much for books, but he took it up—the thin volume with its delicate white cover—and read the title: "The Greatest Thing in the World." What's that, anyhow? "By Henry Drummond." Who the deuce can he be?

He opened the book, turning the leaves back and forth at random, after the fashion of people who seldom read, when his eyes were arrested by the following sentences:—

"We are inclined to look upon bad temper as a very harmless weakness. Yet here, right in the heart of this analysis of love, it finds a place; and the Bible again and again returns to condemn it as one of the most destructive elements of human nature. There is really no place in heaven for a disposition like this. A man with such a mood could only make heaven miserable for all the people in it. For it is perfectly certain that to enter heaven a man must take it with him."

Here, now, was a different idea of heaven from any which had ever before been presented to him. John Drummond had been brought up by God-fearing parents, and had felt, in a dim sort of way, that a good many years hence, when he got to be a very old man and had to sit the most of his time in an arm-chair, he would somehow become "converted," and then die quietly and "go to heaven." He began to think perhaps he might have made a little more of a heaven right here, if he had tried.

He turned over the leaves: "Love is patience—Love suffers long—beareth all things—believeeth all things—hopeth all things. For Love understands, and therefore waits." He said to himself, "That is Nellie waits." He said to himself, "That is Nellie waits."

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the best night's sleep last night that he has had for several weeks."

"I am glad that, for I am going to invite a few friends in this evening if you think they won't disturb him."

"A few friends? What do you mean, John?"

"It could not be that he would ask any of these men to his home—that he had never yet done."

"You'll find out; but don't be frightened, Nellie; it will be all right."

The wife and daughter passed the day in wonder and a vague dread. Something had come over John—that was plain; but what it all meant they could not comprehend.

At supper he ate a lighter meal than the night before, and seemed absorbed in thought. A knock was heard at the door, and he got up and opened it, ushering in Mr. and Mrs. Drake and Belinda Thompson. To their bewilderment he shook hands heartily with them.

"Now," he said, "we'll all go into the parlor. I've got something to say to you."

Poor Nellie, whose nerves were entirely unstrung from her long season of anxiety and care, staggered on the threshold, and would have fallen had not her husband caught her. He led her to the sofa, and seating her, with his arm around her waist, said:—

"I have called you here tonight, my friends, to say to you that I've been the biggest fool for the last five years that the Lord ever made. I've spent my money, and insulted my family, and got myself going down hill about as fast as I could travel. But I haven't got so low down but what I can turn around and go up again, please God! I heard every word you said last night, 'Slah—' you and Betsy—and I'm glad I did. You didn't say a word too much. I have been the meanest and the hatefullest man in the town, and I have been half full of rum the most of my time. I've had the best little woman that ever lived; I never was good enough for her in my best days, and nobody ever thought I was."

"Yes, you were, John," sobbed Nellie.

As for Josie, she was seated in her father's lap, her arms clasped closely around his neck.

"Well, 'Slah, what I heard Betsy say stirred me all up. I didn't know jist what to do; I didn't know whether I could stop drinking or not, you see; I was dreadful 'fraid I couldn't. So I walked up and down the road thinking about it, and trying to settle my mind somehow. I hadn't decided upon anything, though, till I got home, and happened to take up the little book I found in Nellie's work-basket, and that told me what I'd been missing all these years; that I had had the greatest thing in the world right in my hands, right here at home—Nellie's love—and that I was throwing it away just as fast as she poured it out on me. But, Betsy Drake, I don't go to Bill Dobbs' store any more, and I ain't going to die a drunkard, like my Uncle Seth. I feel like a bird right now, that has been flying round and round in the cold and dark, and had got all at once into a summer climate; or like old Paul, on the Damascus road, when the Great Light flashed in on him, and he found it was Christ."

"Well, 'Slah," said Betsy, "I hope now you'll allow that prayin' does do good, if you never did before. I took your case to the Lord, John, last night before I went to bed, and then agin the first thing this mornin', and told Him jist what I wanted Him to do, but I didn't really s'pose 't would come along quite yit. That shows I didn't have as much faith as I had oughter had. That baby's goin' to git better, too; I don't ever expect to see him a very rugged child, but I b'lieve he'll make a live of it."

"I always said John had good stuff enough in him, if he'd only let it come out, and keep away from rum," said Belinda Thompson, with a good firm clinch on the last word.

"Belindie, I want you to come and live with us right along; I can pay you now as well as not. I shouldn't wonder if I was a bigger eater than ever, after I get myself straightened out. Nellie will have all she ought to do to take care of the baby, and next fall I mean to send Josie to the Seminary. I believe it pays to know something."

He turned over the leaves: "Love is patience—Love suffers long—beareth all things—believeeth all things—hopeth all things. For Love understands, and therefore waits." He said to himself, "That is Nellie waits." He said to himself, "That is Nellie waits."

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